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MARCH 21, 1969

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New Cult of the Occult

TIME

ASTROLOGER
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Our Lady Hilton rooms are so attractive, we're having a hard time keeping the gentlemen out.



Some fifty years after the 19th Amendment gave women the right to vote, we're giving them the right to be women when they're away from home. Maybe it's about time.

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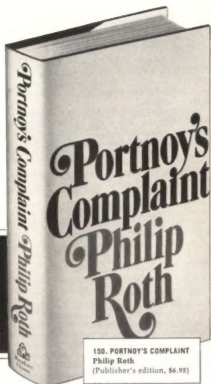
—TIME

"A bullseye hit in the ever-darkening field of humor, a novel that is playfully and painfully moving...potentially monumental..."

—front page of THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

"The result is something very much like a masterpiece."

—SATURDAY REVIEW



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Judging by the tidal wave of talk and praise, even controversy, that has greeted Portnoy's Complaint, the critics and the public alike are finding Philip Roth's newest novel the most precedent-shattering literary event of this decade.

But long before publication, Literary Guild editors had acted quickly to secure exclusive book club rights to Portnoy's Complaint, the most sought after manuscript in recent memory. Guild members were then given the opportunity to order a copy at the special Guild price of \$3.50—instead of the publisher's edition price of \$6.95.

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, March 19

CHRYSLER PRESENTS THE BOB HOPE SPECIAL (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Bob's guests are Jimmy Durante, Nancy Sinatra, Ray Charles and Cyd Charisse.

ANDY'S LOVE CONCERT (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Andy Williams offers his tribute to affection, with help from José Feliciano, Donovan and the brothers Smothers.

Thursday, March 20

1969 N.C.A.A. COLLEGE BASKETBALL CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENT (NBC, 7:30-9:30 p.m.). Semifinal game from Freedom Hall, Louisville. The consolation and finals will be telecast on Saturday starting at 2 p.m.

NET PLAYHOUSE (NET, 8-9:30 p.m.). Dame Sybil Thordike and Virginia McKenna in *A Passage to India*, a dramatization of E. M. Forster's novel about the failure of East to meet West in 1920s India.

Friday, March 21

THE FIRST AMERICANS (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Hugh Downs reports on man's migration from Siberia to the Americas.

HOLLYWOOD: THE SELZNICK YEARS (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Henry Fonda narrates this special on the career of Movie Producer David O. Selznick with some rarely seen film clips and comments from Ingrid Bergman, Katharine Hepburn, Rock Hudson, Joseph Cotten, Alfred Hitchcock, Janet Gaynor and Dorothy McGuire.

Saturday, March 22

NATIONAL INVITATIONAL TOURNAMENT (CBS, 2-4 p.m.). Championship collegiate basketball, live from Madison Square Garden in New York.

THE WORLD CUP SKI CHAMPIONSHIPS (ABC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). The second of two ski meets in the U.S. leading to the 1969 World Cup Awards.

Sunday, March 23

DISCOVERY '69 (ABC, 11:30 a.m. to noon). To study the problems of the only coffee-producing area in the U.S., the Kona Coast, "Discovery Returns to Hawaii."

THE CBS CHILDREN'S FILM FESTIVAL (CBS, 1-2:30 p.m.). A prize-winning film, *Testa-drapa*, about a father who tries to keep his son away from school when education becomes obligatory in Italy.

CHINA TODAY AND TOMORROW (NBC, 2:30-4:30 p.m.). Edwin Newman is the anchorman for this news special which features television films from Communist China and discussion of China by a panel of experts including Edwin O. Reischauer, A. Doak Barnett, Allen S. Whiting, Luciano Py, Richard L. Walker and Roderick MacFarquhar.

NBC EXPERIMENT IN TELEVISION (NBC, 4:30-5:30 p.m.). "Bye-Bye, Butterfly" explores the preparation and production of a Japanese film that takes a modern approach to the *Madame Butterfly* story.

Tuesday, March 25

THE MOD SQUAD (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Sammy Davis Jr. guest-stars as a militant young priest in "Keep the Faith, Baby."

SIBELIUS: A SYMPHONY FOR FINLAND (NET, 9-10:30 p.m.). The great Finnish composer as man and artist. Repeat.

* All times E.S.T.

THEATER

On Broadway

HAMLET. Everything about this production of the APA Repertory Company is peculiarly modern. The costumes are a strange mixture of period and modern; the sense and tempo of the play have been mangled by both Director Ellis Rabb's cuts and his use of the corrupt First Quarto; and Hamlet, played by Mr. Rabb with monotony and weariness, seems in desperate need of geriatric drugs.

IN THE MATTER OF J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER, by Heinar Kipphardt, offers audiences a chance to weep over the renowned physicist who, in 1954, was deprived of his security clearance. Dissertation, however, is not drama; the play is as inert as a stone, and Joseph Wiseman as Oppenheimer is mannered, overly European and brittle.

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM. Woody Allen has written what seems to be a play about Woody Allen, in which he appropriately stars as a young man with so many psychological hang-ups that he makes psychologists feel positively healthy.

CANTERBURY TALES. Four of Geoffrey Chaucer's tales are told in this musical import from London. Unfortunately, the Chaucerian spirit is largely missing. Sex is treated as a commodity and faith as an epilogue, in the manner of a Cecil B. DeMille devotional epic.

DEAR WORLD. The only saving grace about this musical adaptation of Jean Giraudoux's *The Madwoman of Chailloit* is a glib performance by Angela Lansbury.

CELEBRATION features Potemkin, a master of ceremonies and revelers, presiding over a world peopled by an Orphan, an Angel and an evil Mr. Rich. Sparseness and clarity are the order of the evening, and that alone makes the show a treat by contrast to most other Broadway musicals.

HADRIAN VII. Playwright Peter Luke makes Frederick William Rolfe, one of the most freshly talented eccentrics of English letters, the hero of Rolfe's own novel of wish fulfillment, *Hadrian the Seventh*. Alec McCowen gives a polished performance as Rolfe.

FORTY CARATS is a frothy farce by Pierre Barillet and Jean-Pierre Gredy. With Julie Harris as a middle-aged divorcee wooed by a lad of 22, the play enters a sane plea for a single standard of judgment on age disparity in marriage.

Off Broadway

SPITTING IMAGE. Some plays sound distinctly unappealing in conception but prove surprisingly palatable in realization. For anyone who can abide the idea, this work about two homosexuals who have a baby provides a consistently amusing evening, nursing its basic joke with taste and felicity. Sam Waterston and Walter McGinn turn in accomplished performances as Daddy One and Daddy Two in what is probably the first homosexual play with a happy ending.

ADAPTATION-NEXT. Elaine May, a corrosively perceptive satirist with a mean comic punch, is director of both of these humorous one-acters. *Adaptation*, which Miss May wrote as well, has the ironic viewpoint that life is a game played on the contestant. In Terrence McNally's *Next*, James Coco gives a fine performance

as a potbellied, middle-aged businessman summoned for the draft through an obvious computer error.

LITTLE MURDERS. Under the direction of Alan Arkin, this revival of Cartoonist Jules Feiffer's play is breath-catchingly funny and hair-trigger fast in pace.

DAMES AT SEA, with a thoroughly engaging cast and some of the most ingenious staging currently on or off Broadway, is a delightful and loving spoof of the movie musicals of the '30s.

CINEMA

THE NIGHT OF THE FOLLOWING DAY is one of the tensest, toughest thrillers anyone could ask for. But Director Hubert Cornfield isn't content to stop there; he creates a surreal seminar in the poetics of violence. The small cast is uniformly good, and Marlon Brando is back in great form playing a hipster-hood.

SALESMAN. A moving and troubling *cine-ma vérité* documentary focusing on a group of New England Bible salesmen. The Mayles brothers spent six weeks filming the drummers at work, and the result is a frightening picture of one part of American society.

3 IN THE ATTIC is a cautionary tale of a campus ladykiller (Chris Jones) who is unfaithful to his steady girl friend (Yvette Mimieux) and gets his just deserts. The film has a kind of cheap charm, and Jones and Mimieux are fun to watch.

THE STALKING MOON. Gregory Peck lends strength and dignity to a low-key western about a trapper who combats the remorseless, silent presence of an Indian bent on bloody revenge.

SWEET CHARITY. A lot of energy obviously went into this adaptation of the hit Broadway musical, but the result is sadly lacking in vitality. Shirley MacLaine is in fine form, though, and a couple of the tunes are catchy.

RED BEARD. Japan's Akira Kurosawa directed this morality play about the spiritual growth of a young doctor with all the stylistic wizardry and vision that have made him one of the world's greatest film makers.

THE SHAME. Artistic integrity and political responsibility are the themes of Ingmar Bergman's 29th film, a somber and often beautiful contemporary parable containing outstanding performances by Liv Ullmann, Max von Sydow and Gunnar Björnstrand.

THE FIXER. John Frankenheimer has directed this adaptation of Bernard Malamud's novel with care and dedication, and Alan Bates (as the accidental hero), Dirk Bogarde and Ian Holm all seem perfect in their difficult roles.

THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S. Some great players (Jason Robards, Joseph Wiseman, Harry Andrews, Denholm Elliott, Norman Wisdom) are obviously having the time of their lives in this raunchy, affectionate tribute to oldtime burlesque.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE GODFATHER, by Mario Puzo, is a robust, grisly narrated novel about the Mafia with a clear-cut moral: the family that preys together stays together.

GRANT TAKES COMMAND, by Bruce Catton. In the final volume of a trilogy begun by the late historian Lloyd Lewis, Catton carries Grant's career to his day of final victory at Appomattox. The au-

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12 songs
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10 songs

7061. Also: You Send Me, I Can't Stop Loving You, What I Want, etc.



RAY CONNIFF
and The Singers
TURN AROUND
LOOK AT ME
12 songs
10 tracks
10 songs

6897. Also: People, The Good, The Bad and The Ugly, 11 in all



ROGER WILLIAMS
ONLY FOR LOVERS
Theme for "Lovers"
12 songs
10 tracks
10 songs

7295. Also: Up, Up and Away, Talk To The Animals, 11 in all



FRANK SINATRA
Cycles
12 songs
10 tracks
10 songs

7245. Also: Little Green Apples, Moody River, 11 in all



JUDY COLLINS
Midwinters
12 songs
10 tracks
10 songs

8146. Plus: Always, 11 in all



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THE GRADUATE
12 songs
10 tracks
10 songs

6113. "Like the wind, it's a hit album!"—Billboard Magazine



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Greatest Hits
12 songs
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10 songs

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12 songs
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10 songs

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JOHNNY CASH
AT FOLSOM PRISON
12 songs
10 tracks
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6415. Folsom Prison Blues, The Long Black Veil, The Mail, etc.



ANDY WILLIAMS
HONEY
12 songs
10 tracks
10 songs

6558. Plus: Love Is Like a Butterfly, 11 in all



SIMON & GARFUNKEL
BOOKENDS
12 songs
10 tracks
10 songs

6566. Includes: Old Friends, Mrs. Robinson, At The Zoo, etc.



ROGER WILLIAMS
Greatest Hits
12 songs
10 tracks
10 songs

1302. Also: The High and the Mighty, I Got Rhythm, etc.



COUNTRY & WESTERN
STAR TRACK, Vol. 6
JOHNNY CASH
RAY PRICE
JOHNNY CLARK
FLATT & SCRUGGS
12 songs
10 tracks
10 songs

6718. Includes: Folsom Prison Blues, The Long Black Veil, 12 in all



TWIN-PACKS
Twice the music—yet each counts as one selection



THE BEST OF '68
12 songs
10 tracks
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6451. Also: Sunny, Honey, Come On My Mind, 24 in all



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and his Orchestra
WONDERLAND OF GOLDEN HITS
I WISH YOU LOVE
12 songs
10 tracks
10 songs

6237. Plus: Jack & Jill, Rain On The Wind, 24 in all

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thor's quiet lucidity and laconic humor are well suited to a portrayal of the elusive, taciturn little general.

THE TRAGEDY OF LYNDON JOHNSON, by Eric F. Goldman. Instant history, like instant coffee, can sometimes be remarkably palatable. At least, it is in this memoir by a former White House aide who sees L.B.J. as "an extraordinarily gifted President who was the wrong man from the wrong place at the wrong time under the wrong circumstances."

PUSHKIN, by David Magarshack. In a solid, if sometimes pedestrian biography, the poet who was a founding father of Russian literature often seems more like a rakehell uncle.

THE WOMAN DESTROYED, by Simone de Beauvoir. In three new novellas, the author of *The Second Sex* examines with skill a familiar theme: how unfair it is that a sufferer from the degenerative disease, life, should be tormented as well by the affliction of being female.

CASTLE TO CASTLE, by Louis-Ferdinand Céline, is the final novel in a crazed autobiographical trilogy by the apparently French physician-genius who apparently viewed the body of modern society with complete revulsion.

JBS: THE LIFE AND WORK OF J.B.S. HALDANE, by Ronald W. Clark. One of the last great Victorian eccentrics, Haldane sought to embrace the "two cultures." Author Clark demonstrates, however, that he was vastly more successful in his scientific ventures than in his often wild misadventures in social causes.

PORTRAIT OF A COMPLAINT, by Philip Roth, is a comic sex novel of the absurd, told in the form of a frenzied monologue by a 33-year-old Jewish bachelor on his psychiatrist's couch.

TORREGRECA, by Ann Cornelisen. A beautifully written documentary of human adversity in Southern Italy that deserves a place next to Oscar Lewis' *The Children of Sánchez*.

HEADS, by Edward Stewart. Ivy League sacred cows are milked, and human parts are strewn about in unlikely places by ax murderers in a cheerfully gruesome novel by the author of *Orpheus on Top*.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Portnoy's Complaint, Roth (2 last week)
2. The Solzberg Connection, MacLennan (1)
3. Airport, Hailey (4)
4. A Small Town in Germany, Le Carré (3)
5. Force 10 from Navarone, MacLean (5)
6. The Voyeur, Sutton (9)
7. Preserve and Protect, Drury (6)
8. A World of Profit, Auchincloss (10)
9. The First Circle, Solzhenitsyn (8)
10. Testimony of Two Men, Caldwell

NONFICTION

1. The 900 Days, Salisbury (2)
2. The Money Game, 'Adam Smith' (3)
3. Miss Craig's 21-Day Shape-Up Program for Men and Women, Craig (8)
4. The Tragedy of Lyndon Johnson, Goldman (9)
5. Instant Replay, Kramer (4)
6. The Age of Discontinuity, Drucker
7. The Day Kennedy Was Shot, Bishop (10)
8. The Arms of Krupp, Manchester (5)
9. Thirteen Days, Kennedy (1)
10. The Bitter Woods, Eisenhower (7)

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LETTERS

Officers and Scholars

Sir: Your article on the crisis over ROTC [March 7] put the matter squarely in focus. The military has become the scapegoat for many of our social ills. And the converse is true: our present military system has been virtually absolved in areas where it has perpetrated the most vicious harm—notably, conscription.

ROTC will never be the answer to our ineptitude in the armed forces, but a sound officer-training program in the universities is one of many sensible approaches to effect reform. What our country and our military have a crying need for is intellectual leadership. Compulsory ROTC is as repulsive as compulsory anything, but a nation that scoffs at the prospect of men versed in the sciences and the humanities filling the crucial positions in the services deserves what it gets.

THOMAS J. SNELL

Philadelphia

Sir: I question your statement that ROTC liberalizes the military establishment. The armed forces, while inherently conservative, are today more reactionary than is healthy. ROTC has not worked because 1) those students inclined toward the military are the ones who join the program, 2) the constraints of the military system extinguish whatever liberalism there might be and 3) those who maintain their liberalism leave at the end of their short commitments. If Curtis LeMay, an arch-conservative, is a product of the liberalizing forces of ROTC, then you have pointed out its failure.

Our Government must review the entire military system to make it relevant to the principles of democracy. Then a volunteer army could successfully find the needed intelligent recruits.

BRUCE E. INGMIRE

Rochester

Sir: It is one thing for members of the academic fraternity to knock ROTC because of antimilitary sentiments. But those who seek to eliminate it from the college curriculum because the classes lack academic qualities and are "boring trade school courses" might well examine a few other programs.

Classes such as headline writing, photography, classroom bulletin boards, pottery, jewelry, ballroom dancing, golf, horseback riding and—hang on to your hat—family planning and marital relations seem hardly more academic than "military staff operations."

Under the guise of getting broad lib-

eral educations, my wife and I received credit for most of the aforementioned courses and at highly accredited Western universities, too. Admittedly, that coeducational ballroom-dancing class was tough; I pulled only a C. (Never could get my hips moving in time with the music during the merengue.)

Better I had taken ROTC. At least I might have profited from the knowledge during my adult working life.

KENNETH GREEN

Dallas

Sir: As an ROTC graduate of '66, I will vouch for the almost complete absence of academic material presented in the program. Furthermore, students who were enthusiastic about marching (which was always interpreted as "leadership potential") received A's. And how important is drill? During my two years of active duty in the Army, I didn't even see a parade. Today's ROTC program is as outmoded as the single-shot rifle, and discredits both the Army and the universities.

DOUGLAS D. SMITH

Long Beach, Calif.

Sir: You stated that the Marine Corps "shuns" ROTC and "is currently satisfied with turning collegians into officers solely at OCS bases and summer camps."

The fact is that the NROTC program is wholly supported by the Marine Corps, which provides in excess of 100 officer and enlisted personnel to assist in the administration of the program at all of the 54 units. In this regard, midshipmen are provided an opportunity to pursue commissions in either service, and over 800 of these have been commissioned in the Marine Corps since the landing of troops in Viet Nam in 1965.

It may be of further interest to note that, as of December 31, 1968, there were 1,695 NROTC-trained officers on active duty in the Marine Corps and an additional 137 with Army and Air Force ROTC backgrounds.

J. PHILLIPS

Lieutenant Colonel, U.S.M.C.

Washington, D.C.

The Mantle Becomes Him

Sir: Whatever the outcome of the talks President Nixon has had with the European heads of state [March 7], it is fair to say that personally he has made it fair both with statesmen and the general public. His European visit will affect, for good or ill, the lives of us all. The mantle of the presidency becomes him. There

have been no hectic 100 days—no promises of pie in the sky. He has taken his time in forming his Administration and having a period of reflection. Now we see the guiding hand of the new leadership in action—moving forward on a dozen paths at home and abroad.

It was pleasing that his first visit abroad was to Europe—an old friend, much neglected of late. We know that at times Europe can be a headache and a bit of a nuisance. As at present constituted, it is too strong to be regarded as a satellite, too weak to be an equal partner. Yet there can be no peace without a strong Europe, which includes Great Britain.

JOHN S. MCCOWAN

Stourbridge, England

Sir: TIME used some unfortunate adjectives to describe our President, who represented the U.S.A. in Europe so magnificently. Your correspondent may have seen the President as "uncertain, clumsy, uneasy, not quite relaxed in the midst of ceremony." But the marvels of television, so mercilessly true, projected the President displaying wonderful charm, superb sophistication, articulateness and complete, relaxed ease of manner. This once ardent Democrat and retired newspaper society editor was proud of him.

JULIA LEE MACDONALD

Seattle

Sir: As a staunch admirer of the U.S. and its people, I think that President Nixon's pandering to General de Gaulle in Paris is a reprehensible affront to both his own people and to us Canadians. The leader of the greatest country on earth casts discredit on himself and his people to bend his knee to such as De Gaulle.

MRS. EDWARD H. MCWEEN

Vancouver, B.C.

In the Eyes of the World

Sir: One would expect a person on trial for murder in Russia to be told to shut up or else a muzzle would be placed on him and he would be chained to his chair. As an American citizen working overseas, I was appalled at the description of how Sirhan Sirhan was treated when he demanded to plead guilty and defend himself at his trial [March 7]. In "the land of liberty and justice for all," can a citizen sit still when a person is forced to accept lawyers he does not want and to be a mere pawn while law is manipulated and twisted to the point that neither truth nor justice prevails? Worse yet in the eyes of the outside world is the manner in which the judge threatened the defendant.

JOHN GARRUTO

St. Julians, Malta

Caught in the Nutcracker

Sir: You state that Detroit has adopted a new police weapon known as the "nutcracker" [Feb. 28]. This is completely incorrect. The Detroit police department has not adopted such a weapon, we have not issued any to officers, we have not ordered or purchased any, and we do not intend to order or purchase any.

It is difficult to understand how you can write of "Detroit's success with the instrument" when we have never even had any experience with it. It is also difficult to comprehend how you can quote a "Detroit police official" as saying, "With six men carrying the sticks, we can penetrate 50 men and bust up their formation and come back out," when, in fact, the weapon has never been used in any crowd-con-

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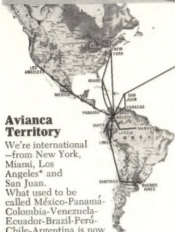
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trol situation in Detroit or by Detroit police officers.

In these days of delicate relationships between the police and the community, I am sorry that you have mistakenly made it appear that our officers control crowds by flailing individuals with a weapon that breaks limbs and fractures skulls.

JOHANNES F. SPREEN
Commissioner

Department of Police
Detroit

► *TIME* erred. The police departments of some independent Detroit suburbs have adopted the nutcracker, and some individual Detroit policemen have bought the device on their own, but it was never part of Detroit's official equipment and Commissioner Spreen has since banned its use altogether.

Lend Me Your Ear

Sir: If the U.S. should permit three or four Navy recruits to take command of a destroyer and fire 5-in. shells indiscriminately at Hanoi and Haiphong, the press and demonstrators all over the world would be up in arms; our embassies would be attacked by mobs, etc. On the other hand, an inexperienced group of part-time farmers can fire heavy 5-in. (122-mm.) rockets shotgun-fashion at Saigon [Feb. 28], a city of over 2,000,000 people, over a period of nine months and the attacks rate no more than a few lines on page 98 in U.S. newspapers and less than that in European papers.

After living with these attacks for the past year and watching the poor Vietnamese cower in terror, I am convinced

that the Communist world has the ear of the world press to the exclusion of all other views.

PHILLIP N. LEGG

Saigon

Admire, Don't Degrade

Sir: The fact that London is becoming the "abortion capital of the Western world" [March 7] is an indication of the lead that Britain maintains in humane understanding of social problems. The abortion bill and the homosexual bill rank as outstanding achievements in bureaucratic understanding of modern society. The "painful lesson" that Britain is experiencing is a minor administrative problem brought about by the vociferous extremist minority. Let the rest of the world admire, not degrade Britain in this matter.

R. LYNDON ARSCOTT

Oakmont, Pa.

Sir: You inform us that British women used to be ashamed to ask for abortions—but that now, since Parliament has seen the light on this matter, they walk in with heads held high to demand their new sacred right. Are we supposed to cheer at this? I used to think that women were born with the instinct of mother love, but now it seems that they have it only when we tell them to. If this is what the emancipation of women means, then there's a lot to be said for slavery.

LAWRENCE J. DICKSON

Princeton, N.J.

Sir: Should the law insist that any unwanted child be born to its unwilling mother? Is not every new baby entitled at the

very least to be wanted and loved from the start? The life it faces is full of too many hazards for it to have to face an additional handicap. Speaking from a serene old age, I am certain that what the world needs now is not more babies but better ones.

J. ADDISON SMITH

Seattle

Giant with Style

Sir: Always glad to see mention of Céline in your literary section [Feb. 28], as this author is still one of the "undiscovered" giants of modern literature.

I would, however, like to call your attention to the fact that *Castle to Castle* is not Céline's final book. It is the first volume of a trilogy. The second volume (1960) is entitled *Nord*. The final volume, being published right now in France, is *Rigodon*. Also, your evaluation of Céline as an author who made the belated discovery of the applicability of street language in literature is a gross misconception. Céline's art consists of a poetic transposition of the effects that spoken language have on the auditor, and not in the transcription of that language itself. As Céline himself explained to Professor M. Hindus in 1947, this transposition necessitates "a certain deformation of spoken language," since even "the most vivid dialogue, if directly transcribed on the page, inevitably falls flat, sounds complicated and heavy." In this poetic transposition lies the genius of Céline's style.

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Instructor in French

Lawrence University
Appleton, Wis.

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A woman with dark hair, identified as Beth Hyatt, is reclining on a plush sofa with leopard-print cushions. She is wearing a light-colored plaid dress and white high-heeled shoes. The background is a dimly lit room with a lamp and floral arrangements.

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TIME MARCH 21, 1969

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

March 21, 1969 Vol. 93, No. 12

THE NATION

THE ABM: NOT REALLY SETTLED

WHY did Richard Nixon decide to deploy the Johnson-planned ABM system, though in "substantially modified" form? The decision was an astute attempt at compromise between all-out advocates and all-out opponents of the system. But it would be wrong to ascribe to the President only political or public relations motives. Last June, during his campaign, he praised the proposed Sentinel system as essential to the credibility of the U.S. nuclear deterrent. At his second news conference as President a month ago, Nixon observed that "this system adds to our overall defense capability."

His rationale has not always been consistent. However, as Nixon pointed out last week, the U.S.S.R. already has 67 ABM sites ringing Moscow. He has long argued that the principal justification for the ABM is that there is "a race already in progress, a race in which the Soviets threaten to leave us behind." Further, he has often noted that if the U.S. is to approach serious negotiations with the Russians on the reduction of nuclear arms—offensive and defensive—the ABM could prove useful as a bargaining counter.

Given this belief, backed up by the views of his top military advisers, Nixon ruled out the possibility that had seemed attractive to many: in effect cancel construction of Sentinel while continuing research and development to find a more dependable system. Beyond that, his choices were clear-cut:

1) He could continue with the program that he inherited, which he refused to do because he preferred to give still greater emphasis to protection of the U.S. nuclear deterrent.

2) He could expand Sentinel massively to protect major cities against all-out attack, which he dismissed because such protection is virtually impossible anyway.

3) He could modify Sentinel in a way that would make it more palatable to its political opponents as well as more defensible on strategic grounds.

The President had settled on this third alternative by the time he returned from his Key Biscayne weekend last Monday, but took several more days to ponder, discuss, and whip his arguments into shape—largely in consultation with Adviser Henry Kissinger. The Nixon solution has both the virtues and defects

of most compromises: it may fall short of either its political or military objective, but it has a fair chance of being accepted by Congress and may be politically tenable for a while.

In his press conference, the President left the impression that the new ABM program would be severely cut back from Johnson's blueprint. He mentioned only two proposed installations, designed to protect Minuteman ICBM sites in Montana and North Dakota—compared with 17 Sentinel bases planned by Johnson primarily to defend major U.S. cities. As it turned out, the two installations will be built first, but later, Nixon's proposal calls for 14 ABM bases in all. The system's function has been shifted from the protection of cities to the defense of the nation's nuclear deterrent. Its cost would be at least \$1 billion more than the \$5.8 billion estimated for the Johnson system, although the first-year cost would be half the \$1.8 billion proposed by the Johnson Administration. Actually weapons costs invariably increase so much that probably neither figure represents anything like the final accounting.

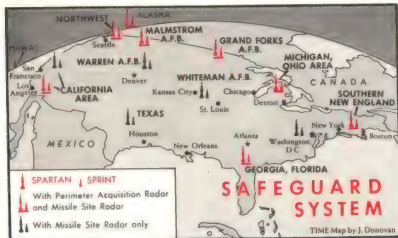
Strength and Weakness. The Nixon plan provides more radar equipment to detect incoming ICBMs and guide the defending missiles than did Johnson's. Since the first two installations will not be completed before 1973, the system could be canceled somewhere along the line—after having cost vast amounts of money. Nixon promised that his system, quickly dubbed "Safeguard," would be reviewed annually and revised, if necessary, to meet possible changes in the strategic situation and in weapons technology, and to take into account any developments in arms-control talks.

The differences between the Johnson Administration's Sentinel program and Nixon's Safeguard are more in emphasis than in scale. Johnson's 17 Sentinel sites would have covered all the continental U.S., Hawaii and Alaska with Spartan rockets designed to intercept incoming missiles up to 400 miles above target, backed up by shorter-range Sprints to knock down any ICBMs that penetrated the Spartan screen. Nixon's plan, while providing extensive area defense, will concentrate not only on Minuteman ICBMs in their concrete silos, but also on bomber bases, Washington, and the Charleston base for Polaris submarines.



PRESIDENT NIXON ADDRESSING PRESS CONFERENCE

A compromise that may well fall short of either of its objectives.



As the President explained it, the aims of his program are threefold. One is "protection of our land-based retaliatory forces against a direct attack by the Soviet Union." This is the strongest reason. The system could probably intercept a significant part of a massive Russian first strike against U.S. missile sites. The weakness of the argument, as critics point out, is that protection of the U.S.-based deterrent is not really necessary, because with its seaborne Polaris missiles and foreign-based bombers carrying H-bombs, the U.S. would retain a sufficient retaliatory strike force.

Common Cause. Nixon's second aim was "protection against the possibility of accidental attacks from any source." Should either a Chinese or a Soviet Strangelove go berserk, an attack might strike anywhere—and a limited defense would not necessarily be effective against it. Nixon's third stated aim was the shakiest: "Defense of the American people against the kind of nuclear attack which Communist China is likely to be able to mount within the decade." It was a difficult line of reasoning to maintain, since the Chinese, until at least the mid-1970s, will not have the sophisticated weaponry to zero in on U.S. ICBM sites. They would be readier for the less precise task of attacking U.S. cities, which will not be defended by the Safeguard system.

Pursuing his goal of conciliation and negotiation with the Soviet Union, which has been the major thrust of his foreign policy, the President pointed out that the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. now share a joint threat from China. In fact, he assumed such a distinct posture of making common cause with Russia against the Chinese that he may have foreclosed any future U.S. power of maneuver between Moscow and Peking. Nixon went out of his way to reassure Moscow that his projected ABM is purely defensive and not a provocative escalation of the arms race. As an earnest of this, he emphasized that U.S. cities would remain naked to Soviet attack. By leaving the cities unprotected, in the intricate logic of nuclear weaponry, the U.S. would convince the Soviets that it does not intend to make

the first strike. If it did plan to do so, it would be forced to erect a defensive system to guard American population centers against retaliation. Moreover, it would have no need to shield its missile sites from an enemy, since most of the ICBMs would already have been fired. In an attempt to emphasize the restrained character of the Nixon system, the Administration added a new phrase to the convoluted lexicon of defense: "limited pilot deployment."

Magnot Line. The most immediate result of removing ABM sites from urban areas was to hurdle one major political obstacle to the system. For months now, Congressmen have been under pressure to halt the program from suburban constituents who do not relish the prospect of nuclear weapons on their doorsteps. Clearly, the President did not convert his most obdurate foes on Capitol Hill. Nor did he discuss two of their chief criticisms of the ABM: that it may not work, and that it would divert vast sums that are sorely needed for domestic programs. Kentucky Republican John Sherman Cooper, who was one of the first Senators to challenge



SENATOR COOPER
And perhaps a decision by computers.

the ABM, said he would continue the fight against it. Senate Majority Whip Edward Kennedy riposted with an eight-point set of objections, pointing out that doubts about ABM's reliability remain unanswered. Michigan Democrat Philip Hart likened ABM to France's ill-fated Maginot Line. "These two defensive systems," he said, "will prove about equally effective in guaranteeing peace." Eugene McCarthy called it "the President's first serious mistake."

At a Senate subcommittee hearing last week, three former scientific advisers to the Eisenhower Administration—George Kistiakowsky of Harvard, James Killian of M.I.T. and Herbert York of the University of California—advanced additional arguments against ABM. They asserted that because reaction time must be so swift in an attack, the decision to launch Spartan would not rest with the President but would have to be made by junior officers or even by computers.

Premature Judgment. In retrospect, it is evident that the President could have avoided much of the fuss. When he ordered a month-long review of Sentinel, he gave its opponents time to muster. Once Nixon had allowed criticism to build, however, he apparently felt that any deferment would seem like a withdrawal under fire.

To many, it looked last week as if the new President's honeymoon was ending with his first tough decision. That judgment seems premature—but the beginning of the end of forbearance and tolerance is probably in sight. Nixon's gamble is that the ABM will prove technically workable within the next five years. More vital than its defensive value, perhaps, is how important any ABM system may prove to be in dealings with the Russians on such urgent questions as arms control and Viet Nam.

Squeeze on Viet Nam

If Nixon's ABM announcement dashed hopes that he would drastically cut back military spending, his restrained response—or non-response—to the Communist offensive in Viet Nam unsettled some of his more hawkish supporters. Some of his critics attacked on both fronts. South Dakota's George McGovern, one of the Senate's most steadfast anti-war spokesmen, called the ABM decision, "a blunder comparable to the decision to escalate the war in Viet Nam in 1965." In a speech planned for delivery this week, McGovern aimed one of the bitterest attacks on the war heard since the 1968 election: "We hear that the war is going well; the enemy is tiring; if only we persist in the present course, there will be victory." Continued McGovern: "The new Commander in Chief must grasp what his predecessor learned to his sorrow—that in any continuance of the war in Viet Nam lies the seed of national tragedy and the certainty of personal political disaster."

Double Casualties. Nixon thus finds himself in a two-way squeeze of renewed criticism at home and military

pressure from the enemy in Viet Nam. Not long after the Communist spring offensive began, he declared: "We will not tolerate attacks that result in heavier casualties to our men at a time when we are honestly trying to seek peace at the conference table in Paris. An appropriate response to these attacks will be made if they continue." The attacks have gone on, and while the U.S. combat toll fell off from 453 in the first week of the offensive to 336 in the second, casualties are still running more than double the level earlier this year. From Saigon, Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker has urged that Nixon

The Nonproliferation Treaty: Another Step

Each of the parties to the treaty undertakes to pursue negotiations in good faith on effective measures relating to cessation of the nuclear arms race at an early date and to nuclear disarmament, and on a treaty on general and complete disarmament under strict and effective international control.

—Article VI

THAT key clause of the nuclear nonproliferation treaty expresses what is still barely even a dream. For more than 20 years, the threat of nuclear annihilation has hung over the world, and the nightmare remains undiminished. Quoting a Chinese proverb, John Kennedy said of the 1963 test-ban treaty: "A journey of a thousand miles must begin with a single step." Last week the U.S. Senate took another step, voting 83-15 to approve NPT—a pact that would forbid all signatory nations that are not already nuclear powers from using atomic energy for anything but peaceful purposes. Like the earlier ban on testing nuclear weapons in the atmosphere, NPT is a beginning.

U.S. approval did not come easily. It took four years of intricate negotiations, amid resentment among the nuclear have-nots that the U.S. and the Soviet Union had agreed privately on a draft and then presented it as a *fait accompli* to the other nations represented in Geneva. The Senate was about to consider ratification last summer when the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia revived cold war suspicions and soured hopes for cooperation between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. As campaigner, Richard Nixon called for a delay in ratification until feelings had cooled. As President, he pressed the Senate for approval in order to ease the way for arms-limitation discussions with the Soviets.

Even the most fervent defenders of NPT concede that the treaty is imperfect. While three of the five nuclear powers—the U.S., the U.K. and the U.S.S.R.—are parties to it, France and China are not. Yet Charles de Gaulle's treasured *force de frappe* and Mao Tse-tung's primitive warheads do not now constitute first-rank threats, and the treaty at least ensures that neither will receive outside aid in further development of nuclear weaponry. Moreover, one U.S. official speculates that without NPT the number of nuclear-armed powers would triple in ten years. Among the nations best equipped to build nuclear bombs if they so decide: West Germany,

Israel, Sweden, India and Japan.

While West Germany will probably ratify the treaty, NPT poses a special problem for Bonn. Formerly, international pressures appeared sufficient to keep the Germans from building atomic bombs—indeed, in 1955 they renounced any such intention. Now, however, some German political leaders, notably Finance Minister Franz Josef Strauss, are having second thoughts. Strauss, with more than a little hyperbole, has denounced the treaty as a disaster for West Germany, or "a Versailles of cosmic proportions." The most serious German objection, shared by the Japanese, is that a highly industrialized nation needs nuclear know-how to keep abreast of its competitors in modern technology. NPT commits the nuclear powers to help others in the peaceful applications of atomic energy, but there is apprehension that the international inspection teams required by NPT will learn of any technical breakthroughs in nuclear engineering, and thus remove the competitive advantage instantly.

A more abstract, but nonetheless emotionally powerful argument against NPT for the now and future advanced nations is that they surrender part of their sovereignty if they pledge themselves to abstain from developing the only weapons that confer big-league status: Also, Europeans in particular question America's willingness to expose its own cities to nuclear retaliation by launching ICBMs against the Soviet Union if the Russians should attack Western Europe.

Three Senators offered amendments to NPT, and all were defeated. North Carolina's Sam Ervin wanted to make it clear that the U.S. did not have to defend nonnuclear states against aggression, but other Senators in favor of the treaty argued that the U.S. is already in effect so bound by the U.N. Charter. Texas Republican John Tower proposed to spell out the right of the U.S. to supply nuclear weapons to NATO allies: since the weapons would remain in U.S. control, there would be no violation of NPT.

While 87 nations have signed the treaty, expressing their intent to approve it, the number of countries that have completed ratification will come to only eleven when President Nixon formally puts his name to NPT. The treaty will not come into force until the three participating nuclear powers and 40 other nations have ratified it. That process will take another year or more.



KY, THIEU & LAIRD

Attacks on the home front too.

resume bombing North Viet Nam as a boost to South Vietnamese morale, but the President has rejected that course for the present.

Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird returned last week from a four-day tour of Viet Nam, and it became known that he was considering pulling out as many as 50,000 troops before the end of the year. Nixon obviously would like to do so, but, for the immediate future, at least, he quashed that notion. "In view of the current offensive on the part of the North Vietnamese and the Viet Cong," he said at his press conference, "there is no prospect for a reduction of American forces in the foreseeable future." He was still more abrupt when he invoked his "appropriate response" dictum: "It will be my policy as President to issue a warning only once," he said, "and I will not repeat it now." If the Communists continue their present offensive, Nixon may well have to follow up his warning with concrete action.

Making Haste Slowly

With more than a quarter of its top policy posts yet to be filled, the Nixon Administration has been making haste slowly—very slowly—in putting its stamp on the federal bureaucracy. When the Viet Nam "11 o'clock group," composed of middle-level officials from several agencies who review important operational questions, convened at the State Department last week, all the faces were familiar from the Johnson era. Though hardly trifling, the vitriolic, five-month-old dispute with Peru over seizure of U.S. oil properties is just now receiving close attention. The new Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, Charles Meyer, a former Sears, Roebuck vice president in charge of hemisphere operations, was selected only this month. A special presidential envoy, New York Lawyer John Irwin II, was not sent to Lima until last week. Harry Flemming, head of the White House recruiting operation, promises a complete new team by May 1.

Muted Voice. One by one, in fact, Nixon is putting his own men into the key jobs. Two significant appointments made last week: General Andrew Goodpaster, 54, will become Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, replacing General Lyman Lemnitzer, 69, who has been head of NATO's military forces for more than six years. An old and trusted Nixon friend, Goodpaster was an unofficial White House chief of staff during the Eisenhower presidency and one of that Administration's most influential—if least visible—figures. That experience, and his easy relationship with Nixon, should serve the general well in his new assignment. A combat veteran of World War II (the Italian campaign), he was sent by the Army to Princeton after the war for a master's degree in engineering and a doctorate in international relations. His thesis: "National Technology and International Politics." Assigned to Viet Nam last July as deputy commander of U.S. forces under General Creighton Abrams, he was temporarily brought home at Nixon's request last December to help the incoming Administration formulate its defense policy. When he takes over in Brussels in July, he should provide the President and the alliance with a strong if muted voice, sensitive ears and a fine sense of diplomatic niceties.

The Rev. Theodore Hesburgh, 51, Notre Dame's president, will become new chairman of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission. Since Hesburgh is a strong supporter of equal rights, the appointment may possibly assuage Nixon's less militant black critics. A member of the commission since 1957, Hesburgh has long been admired by Nixon. He won the President's special commendation last month—and stirred considerable controversy—when he warned that if demonstrators at Notre Dame broke the law, they would have 20 minutes either to repent or be expelled. Though



GOODPASTER
Influential but invisible.

he has no direct power, the commission nevertheless has considerable influence as a watchdog agency; its annual reports have often spotlighted patterns of discrimination.

The Eagle's Roost. Even as new names trickled from the White House, the Senate confirmed one of Nixon's less admired appointments: Philadelphia Publisher Walter Annenberg as Ambassador to Britain. A close friend who has played host to the President on his visits to Palm Springs, Annenberg was coldly received by J. William Fulbright, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Com-



ALAN LILTON



ANNENBERG & PROBLEM
First chore, first crisis.

mittee, who told a *Washington Post* reporter that he was "simply not up to the standards we expect for our premier diplomatic post." Indeed, Annenberg's lack of experience, together with his reputation for ruthlessness, has already caused private unhappiness in London. He will have a difficult job following courtly David Bruce, a diplomatic veteran who was greatly liked and respected in Britain.

Annenberg admitted that he was something less than an expert in foreign affairs. Despite its size (circ. 505,000) and wealth, his *Philadelphia Inquirer* does not employ a single foreign correspondent. But he did offer at least to redecorate the embassy residence. Judging from his homes in suburban Philadelphia and Palm Springs, that alone should be worth the price of his admission to the post.

One of the new ambassador's redecorating chores, however, promises a crisis. Calling the huge (35-ft. wingspread) gilded eagle that bestrides the U.S. embassy in Grosvenor Square an insult to the British,* Annenberg said that he would find a new roost for the bird. That may not be so easy. The eagle's creator, Sculptor Theodore Roszak, has threatened legal action if his work is removed. "The eagle," said Roszak, "is an integral part of the embassy." Besides, he added, the cost of tearing him loose from the building's steel beams would be enormous. Meanwhile, a well-turned verse of protest was making the rounds of American drawingrooms in London:

Dear Mr. Ambassador
Plenipotentiary,
You may be the diplomats' choice of
the century,
With talent to spare on matters
vice-regal
But please, if you will, sir, don't harm
our poor eagle.

THE WHITE HOUSE

R.S.V.P.: Pat and Dick

"Enjoy this house," the host told his guests with a grand gesture of welcome. Almost before his hand was down, a Congressman was testing the springs in the Lincoln bed, the Vice President was ogling the elegance of the Queens' Bedroom, and a gaggle of Capitol Hill wives was oohing over the array of gifts garnered during the President's recent trip to Europe. "If I'd known it was this lovely," confessed Eugene McCarthy, peeking into a rarely seen family room of the White House, "I would have worked harder."

The Senator's awe was shared by nearly everyone else the Nixons fêted during three nights of receptions for Congressmen and their wives last week. Invited into the family rooms—which until a few years ago were almost as pri-

* Whose mighty lion outside their Washington embassy has always been accepted by the capital as an inoffensive national symbol.

vate as the inner sanctum of the Winter Palace in Lhasa—most visitors boggled. A few noted subtle changes. A portrait of Eleanor Roosevelt has been replaced by one of Dwight Eisenhower; Woodrow Wilson, a hero of the President (though a Democrat), has succeeded Lyndon Johnson. "All those damn Indians," as one rubbernecker inelegantly described George Catlin's incomparable frontier paintings, have been banished from the upstairs corridor. Pieces from the White House vermeil collection have replaced Lady Bird Johnson's personal collection of porcelain birds, and a wooden gavel inscribed to the President, a gift from the Mayor of Vincennes, Ind., rests on an end table.

Hard drinks were not served, but punch and champagne—California Almaden—flowed adequately. After the final Johnson years, when business suits were the accepted dress at congressional receptions, the legislators seemed eager to preen in black tie and whatever. Senator Strom Thurmond showed up in a rusty red dinner jacket that about matched his hair. Senator Jacob Javits sported what he jokingly referred to as his "basic black by Bill Blass."

Even more basic was the brilliant silver minidress worn by Mrs. Edward Kennedy, one of the very few women not attired in a long gown. The President, perhaps looking ahead to 1972, never took his eyes from the pretty face of his potential rival's wife as he greeted her and exchanged pleasantries in the receiving line. But Mrs. Nixon, for one long instant, could not suppress a stare at those six lissome inches between Joan's hemline and knee.



THE NIXONS GREETING MRS. EDWARD KENNEDY AT RECEPTION
After the business suits, black tie and whatever.

THE RAY CASE

Raising a Whirlwind

In the matter of the *People v. James Earl Ray*, the plea of guilty to murder in the first degree might have seemed an opportunity for the state of Tennessee to close forever its voluminous dossier on the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr. Ray admitted that he was the rifleman who had felled King in Memphis with a single soft-nosed .30-'06-caliber bullet. Yet by allowing him to plead guilty and accept a prearranged sentence of 99 years, the prosecution closed the case without a trial. However convenient that settlement may have been to both sides, it immediately raised a whirlwind of public questioning that is unlikely to abate for years.

Was Ray a lone killer or a hired gunman? And if he was paid, are the plotters who bankrolled the killing still free, while Ray is penned in a 6-ft. by 9-ft. maximum-security cell in the state penitentiary at Nashville? The circumstances of King's murder carried more than a whiff of a conspiracy. In every such case, there are those whose paranoid perspectives demand sinister schemers behind every act. But this time many skeptics who habitually scoff at fanciful conspiratorial theories also asked some disturbing questions.

Nagging Questions. What grudge did Ray hold against King? What brought the two men to Memphis at a time when Ray, an escaped convict, was a restless wanderer always on the move between Montreal and Mexico? How did he finance 14 months on the run from prison? Where did he find the cash



JAMES EARL RAY
Uncomfortable questioning

that paid for his 1966 white Mustang? His dancing lessons? A course at a Los Angeles bartenders' academy? How did he pay for his flight from Memphis to Toronto, and thence to Europe? Even Ray wanted to talk about a conspiracy at his trial. But neither the prosecution nor the defense was interested, and Ray was swiftly sidetracked by Judge W. Preston Battle in Memphis. Throughout the 137 anticlimactic minutes, while Battle recorded Ray's submission of guilt, empaneled a jury to hear *pro forma* evidence of his crime and then passed a sentence, not a single one of the questions that nag the public's curiosity was ever answered.

It was, of course, all perfectly legal. Ray's lawyers, headed by Houston's redoubtable Percy Foreman (see *THE LAW*), were copping a plea. Foreman could muster no rebuttal of the evidence arrayed against his client. To allow Shelby County Attorney General Phil M. Canale Jr. to lay his case before a jury, Foreman reasoned, would, in effect, consign Ray to Tennessee's electric chair (which has not been used since 1960). Only Ray proved stubborn. Until only a few days before his trial, he still believed he would outwit the executioner.

Many Fingers. Foreman's formidable advocacy eventually convinced his own client. "I never expected or hoped or had an idea," the lawyer confessed, "that I would be able to accomplish anything but save this man's life." To this end, Foreman did his best to scotch talk of a conspiracy, fearing that it would hurt his client's case.

Tennessee's authorities concurred. Memphians, whose nerve ends were already rubbed raw by the murder, were spared the ordeal of a full-dress trial. And although black leaders planned to march through the city on April 4, the



TENNESSEE STATE PRISON CELL
however convenient an arrangement.

anniversary of King's death, there were no strong demands that King's killer should also suffer death. Mrs. Coretta King sent word that, like her murdered husband, she abhorred violence—but insisted nevertheless that "there were many fingers" on the rifle that killed her husband.

Dangerous Statements. In case Ray did have accomplices, both the U.S. Justice Department and black civil rights organizations are keeping their files open as long as there is any prospect of uncovering a conspiracy. It is unlikely that any insiders—if there were any—will remain silent forever. At week's end, for example, the New York *Post* reported a claim by Negro Merchant John McFerrin that he accidentally overheard a Memphis businessman order King's death on the telephone. "Shoot the son of a bitch on the balcony," the unidentified businessman was reported to have said. McFerrin declared that the man on the other end of the phone was promised payment of \$5,000 "from my brother in New Orleans."

TIME learned the same details of the whole complicated story only two weeks after the assassination. Its informant was McFerrin, who had also notified FBI agents and local law-enforcement officials. However, an extensive investigation failed to produce corroborative leads. Besides, there were fears for McFerrin's safety if there were any premature publication of his allegations. Just how dangerous such statements can be has been underlined by a recent "incident" at one of McFerrin's enterprises in Fayette County, Tenn. Although an FBI investigation and a probe by the Memphis police indicated that McFerrin may well have misunderstood the conversation in Memphis, shots have been fired of late at the windows of his store.

THE SIRHAN CASE

Killing a Father

As an artful jailhouse lawyer among the losers and small fry of criminality, James Earl Ray had plenty of opportunities to learn the wisdom of keeping his mouth shut. Playing D. & D. (deaf and dumb) with cops was a lesson taught in the quiet back rooms of precinct houses. And until he achieved "the big time" in Memphis, the killer of Martin Luther King never merited the attention of policemen who relied on brains rather than bullying.

It was considerably different for Sirhan Bishara Sirhan. Senator Robert Kennedy's assassin was accorded instant criminal stardom the moment he pulled the trigger of his cheap .22-cal. pistol. Furthermore, the Los Angeles law-enforcement officers who sought to induce Sirhan to talk about himself and his crime were big-league pros who meticulously respected his rights while attempting to get him to confess. And yet the young Jordanian also knew how to be D. & D. For almost 24 hours, Sirhan could not even be identified; he did not object to being called John Doe. Nonetheless, Sirhan could become almost garrulous about such unrelated matters as the high cost of childbirth, the Boston strangler and the state of the stock market.

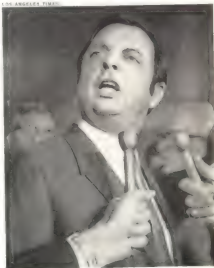
Hypomania and Paranoia. All this was recorded for posterity on tape at Los Angeles police headquarters. There was the sound of Sirhan kicking a cup of hot chocolate so that it splattered over a policeman's uniform—and the sounds of scrubbing as paper towels were used to clean up the mess. As the night wore on, Sirhan's voice grew stronger, underlining his return to a state of self-control. He began fencing with his interrogators, even flattering them on occasion with Dale Carnegie-like sincerity. "I appreciate that," he would say, or "I respect you for that." He twitted one man about his age ("You must have married late") and his weight ("Like all Americans physical health gone"). At one point he was asked what he was laughing about. "I'm always agreeable," replied the voice from the recorder. This seeming self-possession was one reason why the prosecution last week played the tapes to the jury trying Sirhan, hoping thereby to demolish defense pleas that Sirhan was either insane or suffering from "diminished responsibility" when he committed his act.

There were moments, however, amid the silences, grunts and inconsequential chatter of the tapes, that elicited happy looks from Sirhan's defenders. When talk somehow turned to jigsaw puzzles, Sirhan was heard to remark impatiently: "If I can't do it fast enough—if I can't match the whole picture—I give up." To Dr. Martin Schorr, a San Diego psychiatrist, much of Sirhan's taped prattle reinforced his own diagnosis of acute mental illness. Schorr subjected Sirhan

to batteries of psychiatric tests, which showed, he contended, hypomania and paranoia. As for hypomania, "There is something driving this man," Schorr summed up paranoia as "I am O.K.; everybody else isn't."

Wrong Sex. Schorr explained that Sirhan hated the father who had returned to Jordan in 1957, leaving his family in the U.S. "But somewhere along the line," Schorr stated, "the protecting mother fails her son." The failure, it is speculated, was Mary Sirhan's support for Kennedy, a man Sirhan once professed to admire but later hated as a friend of Israel. In Schorr's view, this led to the killing. The only real solution, the psychologist averred, is for Sirhan "to look for a compromise [to killing his father]. He does. He finds a symbolic replica of his father in the form of Kennedy, kills him, and also removes the relationship that stands between him and his most precious possession—his mother's love."

Unfortunately for the defense's case, Schorr's diagnosis—and several other key passages of his testimony—are close paraphrases or, in some instances, verbatim quotes from a 1968 book on psychiatric detection, *Casebook of a Crime Psychiatrist* (Bernard Geis Associates; \$5.95). However, the author, Dr. James A. Brussel, New York State's former assistant commissioner of mental hygiene, was describing a murder that involved an entirely different psychosis. In "The Christmas Eve Killer," the chapter that so impressed Schorr, the murderer was driven to kill a woman who resembled his mother in some respects. Sirhan, if Schorr is correct, substituted Kennedy for his absent father—the final act of an Oedipal tragedy. In any event, Schorr, who admits that he read the book before the trial, is likely to face a withering prosecution cross-examination over his mixed-up use of a psychiatrist's material.



PSYCHOLOGIST SCHORR
Prattle to reinforce the diagnosis.

CONSERVATION

Apprentice Noah

The U.S. Secretary of the Interior these days is a kind of super-Noah, charged with rescuing a nearly lost legion of imperiled animal species. Almost 55,000 people—Indians, Eskimos, Aleuts—are also his special wards. He has the duty and considerable power to salvage the vitiated environment: polluted air, desecrated lands and impure water. Yet, when Richard Nixon appointed him to the office, Walter Hickel seemed to many critics to be more of an anti-Noah.

As Governor of Alaska, Hickel had been closely identified with the oil interests. Prior to his extended and embarrassing confirmation hearings before

Encouraged by the huge profits to be made, 200 full-time and 3,500 part-time poachers kill an estimated 40,000 alligators every year. They work in relative safety, able to lose themselves quickly in the labyrinthine waterways when park rangers come along.

By publicizing the alligator problem, Hickel is bringing powerful pressure to bear on Congress to adopt strong conservationist legislation. He supports a measure that would make it a federal offense to ship across state lines any animal or bird considered to be threatened with extinction, or their skins, pelts or plumage. Carrying with it a maximum penalty of six months in jail and a \$1,000 fine, the law might serve to slow down some of the alligator-skin traffic.

While the alligator is one of the most seriously endangered species, there is another vanishing animal that Hickel has moved to protect—Alaska's musk ox (*Ovibos moschatus*). When Hickel was Governor of the state, the legislature passed a law to permit hunting of the helpless musk ox. Hickel vetoed it. Recently, the Alaska legislature passed a new bill allowing the hapless ox to be hunted. As Interior Secretary, with power over federal acreage, Hickel immediately placed Nunivak Island, the federally owned haven for musk oxen, off-limits to all hunters.*

Ghetto Green Space. Animal protection is not the only area in which Hickel is showing a conservationist's concern. Since the oil-slick disaster off Santa Barbara, Calif., Hickel has drastically curbed drilling in the Santa Barbara Channel. He plans to enlarge the nearby Channel Islands National Monument's federal wildlife sanctuary, which has been kept free of state and federal lessees. He is also considering measures whereby oil leases would not be granted without an opportunity for both congressional approval and public hearings. While the Administration's tough proposed legislation on coal-mine safety and health standards is not Hickel's personal creation, he has testified in favor of it.

One of the most urgent services Hickel can perform is yet to come—not in the wilderness, but in the nation's cities. He speaks of plans for central-city swimming pools, city hiking trails and more vest-pocket parks. "A great national park is a glorious thing," he says, "but the boy sitting on the steps of a ghetto tenement deserves a place where he can discover that the sky is larger than the little hole he can see between the buildings."

Hickel's associates seem impressed with his enthusiasm and drive. What remains to be seen is whether energy can produce results in the most jealously guarded of all federal sanctuaries, the Washington bureaucracy.

* Hunters were also coming under attack in Canada last week for the brutality of the annual seal-pup slaughter (see THE WORLD).

Between Mountain and Sea

HAWAIIANS have long been accustomed to rubbernecking tourists. Last week, however, it was the islanders themselves who flocked to downtown Honolulu to gawk at their state's newest wonder, a \$26.6 million capitol.

The building handsomely demonstrates what can happen when an imaginative private architect designs a major U.S. government building. By any measure, it was a personal triumph for an architectural team headed by San Francisco's celebrated John Carl Warnecke, 50. His design for the building, which took more than three years to construct, blends beauty, symbolism and enough conveniences to satisfy any bureaucrat.

The edifice occupies an eight-acre site, separated by a magnificent East Indian banyan tree from Iolani Palace, Hawaii's government house since 1882. Warnecke's design is laden with Hawaiian symbolism. It stands, islandlike, in a reflecting pool. Its open, cone-shaped roof resembles a volcano, and allows 22 inches of yearly rainfall to drain off from courtyard to pool. Aware of the Hawaiians' traditionally easy relationship with their legislators, Warnecke located the two houses on either side of the great court, their main chambers just inside the entrances.

The court, opening toward the mountains (*maui*) and toward the sea (*makai*), is the unifying element in the building's design and leads to a park filled with palm trees and tropical plants. Warnecke hopes that the park will eventually be expanded, and has developed a master civic-center plan that calls for the eventual demolition of lesser government buildings that are close to the new capitol. "Every great capitol has a large central space historically," he says, "one that raises man toward his aspirations." In all, Warnecke is satisfied that his project accurately reflects the state's character: "Hawaii is a new mountain state, an open island state, both in its attitudes and its diverse population. It's a very vibrant, modern way of living there."

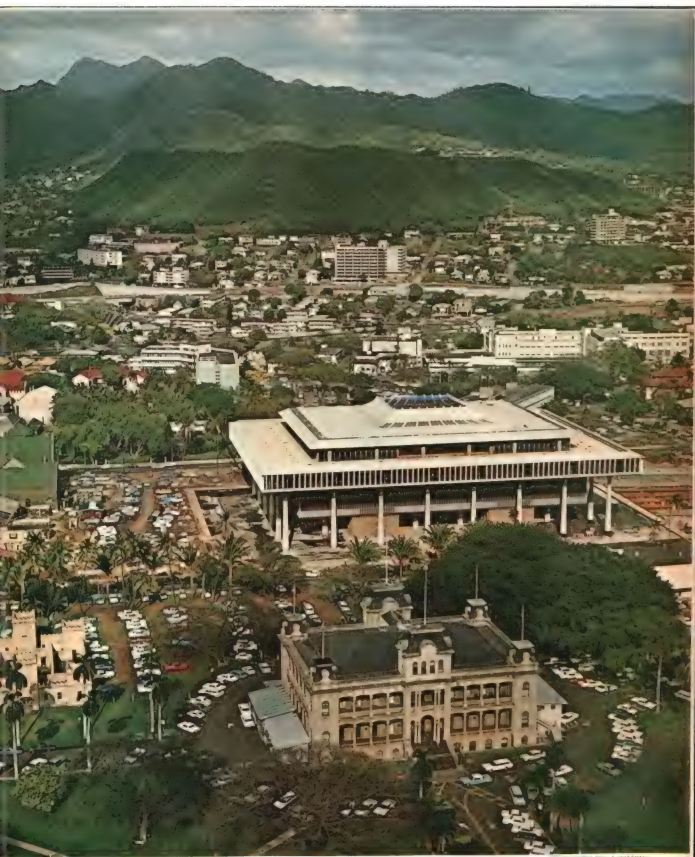
Although there was some initial criticism of the legislature because the building was not erected on a more scenic site, both the public and the politicians are now delighted with what Warnecke has wrought. Governor John A. Burns, who thought the ceiling in his fifth-floor office "too squat" and literally raised the roof five feet at a cost of \$300,000, observed: "It's the finest capitol in the nation." And the senators, after presenting the state with a bill for an additional \$150,000 to equip their offices with such minor amenities as sinks and closets, happily agree.



ALLIGATOR-POACHING DEMONSTRATION
S O S from 86 other species.

the U.S. Senate Interior Committee, he made such unfortunate observations as: "I think we have had a policy of conservation for conservation's sake." Several Senators and the nation's most potent conservation organizations bitterly opposed Hickel's appointment. In only eight weeks, however, the new Secretary has shown an extraordinary flair for confounding his critics. Michael McCloskey, acting executive director of the powerful Sierra Club, says: "Conservationists remain to be convinced by Hickel, but I think their minds are not closed to welcome evidence."

Systematic Slaughter. That is what they have been getting of late. Last week Hickel made a brief, bravura-like foray into the Florida Everglades to expose an impending natural disaster—the extinction of the American alligator (*Alligator mississippiensis*). One of 87 species threatened with extermination in the U.S., alligators are being systematically slaughtered by poachers who hunt them for their valuable skins.



HAWAII'S NEW CAPITOL

Surrounded by reflecting pool, topped with a volcano-like roof, Hawaii's new capitol symbolizes the state's island character. In the foreground is Iolani Palace, built by King Kalakaua in 1882. The outer wall of Punchbowl, an extinct volcano whose floor is a military graveyard, is in the distance.



The capitol, rising five tiers, is built around a broad central court. Like a crater, the building opens to the sky, which bathes the interior with sunlight—or rain.

Their desks decorated with island flora, representatives of the lower house take part in invocation ceremonies on the first day of the legislature's new session.



THE CITY: PROBLEMS OF A PROTOTYPE

BEFORE it exploded in the historic race riot of July 1967, few people outside New Jersey knew much about Newark, an old industrial city with a population of 407,000, roughly the same as Kansas City, Mo. Newark is still scarred by the riot, which took 23 lives and caused \$10 million in property damage. Parts of its central core look like bombed-out Berlin after the war. Abandoned buildings with shattered windows cast their shadows over littered sidewalks and stripped, rusting autos. Springfield Avenue, the main shopping street of Newark's black ghetto, is now largely boarded up. Increasingly, whites cluster on the fringes of town.

What is most dismaying about the city is that it may well reflect the future of much of urban America. "Newark is the urban prototype," says Rutgers Urbanologist George Sternlieb. "A few years from now it will be Buffalo, Cleveland, St. Louis and Akron, and then it will be every older city in the country." Thirteen percent of Newark's citizens are on welfare. The city led the nation in serious crimes per 100,000 of population in 1967, and violent crime rose 41% in the first nine months of 1968. Double locks are becoming standard in most dwellings. One physician has been mugged so many times he has hired a professional bodyguard.

Turning Black. More than half of Newark's schools are over 50 years old. A shortage of 9,000 seats necessitates double sessions. Reading levels fall substantially below the national average, and the schools have been afflicted with so much turmoil that the city has posted 145 guards in them within the past two weeks in an effort to halt attacks on teachers and students.

Straining to cope with its growing burdens, Newark has been steadily raising taxes—to the point where the rates are now self-defeating. The real estate tax rate, already \$7.90 per \$100 of assessed valuation, is one of the highest in the nation, and may soon be increased. That is a powerful incentive for middle-class homeowners to flee. The tax on a \$20,000 house in Newark is roughly \$1,400 a year, about the same amount that a nearby suburbanite pays on a \$50,000 home.

Hardly incidental to Newark's problems is the fact that the city is rapidly turning black. Negroes comprise 52% of the population, up from 34% in 1960 and 17% in 1950. So speedy is the flight of whites to the suburbs that they are expected to constitute less than one-quarter of the population by 1975. Middle-class Negroes are also joining the white exodus, settling in communities like East Orange. "It's like being caught in a scissors," moans Mayor Hugh Addonizio. "One blade is the financial crisis. The other is the racial crisis."

Libraries and Books. In an effort to dramatize its plight, Newark's city council

last month voted to close on April 1 the city's public library system and its distinguished museum, which was the first in the U.S. to exhibit primitive American painting and sculpture. Newark-bred Author Philip Roth (*Portnoy's Complaint*) protested: "In a city seething with social grievances there is probably little that could be more essential to the development and sanity of the thoughtful and ambitious young than the presence of those libraries and those books." Last week Mayor Addonizio led the city council and some 500 protesters in a march on the statehouse in Trenton, pleading for increased state aid. Back home, the council voted to keep the museum and the libraries open

of three city council seats that fell vacant in 1968: the black population is younger than the white citizenry and does not turn out as heavily to vote. The two leading Negro mayoral possibilities are both moderates: Kenneth Gibson, a structural engineer in the city's buildings department, who ran for mayor in 1966 and finished third, and hard-driving Oliver Lofton, head of the city's Neighborhood Legal Services office.

Wrenching Election. Mayor Addonizio, who is now in his second term, is currently under investigation by an Essex County grand jury looking into charges of corruption in the city government, but he says he will probably



SLUM BUILDINGS IN NEWARK
Caught in the blades of a scissors.

for the rest of the year—but faces the prospect of a stiff tax increase if outside help is not forthcoming.

Newark's financial problems would not be so great if its economic base were not crumbling. Downtown department stores have become marginal operations, wary of shoplifters and dealing in cheap goods. Because industrialists prefer to build modern, one-story plants in suburban areas, where land costs are low and the surroundings more congenial, Newark has lost almost 20,000 manufacturing jobs in the last 15 years. An expansion of headquarters facilities by banks and insurance companies located in Newark has partially offset this trend, but this tiny boom has not provided jobs for ghetto dwellers.

The city's race relations probably hit bottom during the 1967 riot. The militants are now concentrating most of their energies on capturing the mayoralty in May 1970. Though they make up a majority of the population, Negroes were unable to win even one

run again. If he does, the mayor is favored to win, since he has a liberal record and has in the past drawn large numbers of Negro votes. If Addonizio decides to quit, though, Newark can look forward to a wrenching election that is bound to polarize the community. Councilman-at-large Anthony Imperiale, the outspoken organizer of a white vigilante squad and a supporter of George Wallace in the last election, would probably emerge as the leading candidate.

Whatever happens in next year's election, Newark's problems will not go away. If the city is to provide its citizens with anything approximating equal opportunity, it will need much more state and federal aid. With acid eloquence, Mayor Addonizio recently declared: "America is not prepared to save its cities, and the cities are not in a position to save themselves." If this situation continues, Newark and cities like it will become, in effect, as inherently unequal as the rural South in the days of Jim Crow.

THE WORLD

MOSCOW v. PEKING: OFFENSIVE DIPLOMACY

IT was an extraordinary scene. There, in Chancellor Kurt Kiesinger's antique-filled office in Bonn, sat Soviet Ambassador Semyon ("Scratchy") Tsarapkin. Painstakingly, the Russian explained Moscow's grave concern over the first China border clash early this month to the head of a government long reviled by the Soviets as the chief villain and menace in Europe. Patiently, the German listened as Tsarapkin charged that the "chauvinist foreign pol-

and his clique had revealed "once more the extent of their political degradation," and the Soviet press continued to bare details of the bloody Ussuri River border clash in the Far East, which, the Russians claim, cost the lives of 31 Russian frontier guards.

Far more serious were charges in the authoritative magazine *Kommunist* to the effect that today the military controls China and excludes the "broad masses of the working people" from

"hundreds of millions of army men and civilians are on the alert. If you have the audacity to continue attacking China, you will be crushed to pieces by the iron fists of the 700 million Chinese people."

Those vaunted "iron fists" were in action as the week ended, and blood once again stained the snows of Chen Pao Island, or Damansky, as the Russians call it. According to Moscow, Chinese troops moved onto the island by

PICTORIAL PARADE



SOVIET FRONTIER GUARDS VIEW COMRADES' BODIES



SINO-SOVIET CONFRONTATION NEAR BATTLE SCENE

No longer socialist brothers, but instead dangerous foes.

icy of Peking" threatened the cause of peace and stability in the world.

It was probably the first time that any Soviet envoy had so formally attacked the policies of the other Communist giant. Behind Tsarapkin's words was a warning: any further tightening of the profitable West German-Chinese trade links would be most unwelcome to the Russians. In Paris, Rome and Tokyo, Tsarapkin's colleagues were giving the French, Italian and Japanese Foreign Ministers roughly the same message. In Ottawa, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau also got the word. The intent was clear: China, no longer a brotherly socialist nation but instead a dangerous foe, should be expelled from the ranks of civilized nations.

Blood on the Border. Within the Communist world, the Soviet campaign was even more aggressive. A joint Soviet-Czech communiqué "emphatically condemned the recent provocative actions of the Chinese splitters, which inflict serious damage on the forces of socialism." *Pravda*, organ of the Soviet Communist Party, noted that Mao Tse-tung

any effective role. "The group of Mao Tse-tung," said *Kommunist*, "has deserted Marxist-Leninist principles." Translated from the jargon, that means that Moscow has read Peking out of the Communist movement. The Soviets are working manfully to persuade other Communist parties to agree to ratify that decision at the forthcoming international party conference in May, and the Chinese are sure to be discussed at this week's Warsaw Pact summit meeting.

Iron Fists in Action. Communist China's ideological warriors responded to the Soviet attacks in kind. On four successive days, formal Chinese statements and protest notes whistled out of Peking, and the angry mass demonstrations against the "new czars" resumed across the China mainland. Peking's most serious protest charged that there had been six other Soviet border transgressions on Chen Pao Island, site of the Ussuri fighting. At least two of these, China asserted, involved trucks and armored vehicles. The New China News Agency warned Moscow that

night, and next morning another large detachment attacked, supported by mortar and artillery fire. "There were killed and wounded as a result," the Russians reported, though no specific casualty figures were given. The Chinese, in their turn, accused Soviet troops of provoking the battle. Chinese frontier guards, a Peking radio broadcast said, were "compelled to shoot back in self-defense."

Moscow said the fire fight lasted more than four hours. Peking reported it "was continuing and expanding," an indication that the incident may have been even larger in scale than the first encounter. Each side warned that the foe would be crushed should such provocations continue, and the Soviets rattled their rockets as well. A Red Army newspaper suggested that "any provocateurs" keep in mind the combat readiness of Russia's rocket forces. In the past several years, a series of Soviet missile installations have been set up in areas within easy range of Chinese military and industrial concentrations in the troubled borderlands.

CHINA

The New Leap

Almost at once China put its border clash with Russia to use in a new domestic propaganda campaign. The aim is "to convert the workers' indignation at the Soviet revisionist armed provocation into revolutionary energy," as the official New China News Agency put it. According to the agency, miners promised to "produce more top-quality coal, so as to burn the Soviet revisionists, a paper tiger, into ashes." Workers at the Anshan Iron and Steel Company were reported so angry at the Russians that they opened a new furnace ahead of schedule.

Peking's exhortations were designed to rally fervor for China's latest economic venture. The project bears a striking resemblance to the Great Leap Forward of a decade ago, probably Mao Tse-tung's most ambitious scheme for China, and his most disastrous failure.

On Two Legs. At the height of that folly, smoke was belching from millions of tiny, homemade backyard steel

furnaces stoked by peasants—a fantastic waste of manpower that eventually resulted in serious food shortages. When the do-it-yourself mania finally ran its course, China's economy had been set back by nearly a decade.

Although China has scarcely recovered from the Great Leap Forward and the more recent ravages of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, the rhetoric today—"walking on two legs," "flying leap," "new leap"—is virtually identical with the admonitions of the earlier fiasco. As was the case then, agriculture will have to bear the main burden.

The new leap orders China's 74,000-odd communes to forget about any aid from Peking. They have been told that henceforth they themselves—not the government—must remunerate schoolteachers and medical personnel working in the countryside. Commune members are to make their own simple farm tools, freeing industry for more sophisticated production. Moreover, Peking is pushing a frugality theme to such a degree that celebrations for the New Year, China's

biggest and happiest holiday, were woefully crimped last month.

Fighting Lethargy. The communes are already hurting; they have to feed an estimated 20 million former urbanites—including millions of now undesirable Red Guards—whom the regime has recently sent into the hoochdocks for lengthy spells of physical labor. The peasants' response to Mao's latest brainstorm so far seems to have been remarkably unenthusiastic; troops had to be sent to a commune in Szechwan province to "overcome local lethargy."

What seems to distinguish the new drive from the old Great Leap, however, is its flexibility. There has been some advance planning, and there appear to be no rigid output targets. In fact, Peking is admonishing local officials to "leave enough leeway." Though not too much, of course. The goal of the latest campaign, as Shanghai radio explained it recently, is "a fruit that can be picked by jumping and reaching up, not a fruit that can be taken by stretching out one's arm from a lying or sitting position."

Where China and Russia Meet

The tightly controlled Sino-Soviet borderlands are about as easy for the ordinary traveler to visit as Middle Earth or Lower Slobbovia, and some of the terrain along the 4,500-mile common frontier displays characteristics of both those fabled lands. A few wanderers, including scholars, journalists and political analysts have managed to visit portions of the frontier. Their impressions, gathered by TIME correspondents around the world, of the lonely, alien and often lovely terrain where the modern empires of Moscow and Peking collide:

SOME 70 miles south of the site of the vicious four-hour battle between Soviet and Chinese border guards lies the enormous Chinese prison camp called Hsing Kai Hu, a complex of nine state farms and dozens of villages, all manned by penal labor. A former prisoner there recalls the climate as terrible: temperatures hovering around 40° below zero in winter and soaring to a humid 95° in summer. During the warm seasons, mosquitoes from the myriad swamps of the area forced prisoners to wear long-sleeved jackets and full-length trousers despite the heat.

The soil of the area is enormously fertile. In 1960, the complex was able to produce enough food to feed a million people for a year—or so Chinese propagandists claimed. In summer, however, it is no place for combat. Veterans of Japan's 13-year occupation of Manchuria recall the Ussuri River border area as "the worst possible place for a battle for much of the year—so swampy that it could easily swallow up an army." The Chinese side of the Ussuri is heavily forested; timbered hills sweep down to the river swamps for most of its length. Through the forests on the Soviet side runs the easternmost segment of the Trans-Siberian Railway, which links the key Pacific port of Vladivostok with Khabarovsk, more than 400 miles to the north. Beside the railway runs what the Japanese occupiers used to call "the Stalin Highway," a road built in 1938 in imitation of Hitler's *Autobahn*. Khabarovsk itself is a garrison city. Soviet troopers throng the streets, and though it is only 20 miles from the Chinese border, no Soviet citizens of Chinese origin

are to be seen. Westerners who have been there say the surrounding terrain is flat and bushy, broken by occasional birch forests. The soil is fertile: travelers describe the Amur River basin, in which Khabarovsk lies, as the "breadbasket of the Soviet Far East." For hundreds of miles, from Vladivostok on north, industry has been built up as well. Across the border, in the Chinese provinces of Heilungkiang and Kirin, industry is also thriving; the great manufacturing cities of Harbin (steel) and Changchun (trucks) play a vital role in the Chinese economy.

Until recently, the Amur-Ussuri area has been the site of the most spectacular provocations. On several occasions, the Chinese made a practice of marching prisoners to the center of the river, accusing them of being pro-Soviet traitors, and then beheading them. Another favorite habit was forming up on the river ice, sticking out tongues in unison at the Soviet troopers, and then turning and dropping trousers to the Russians in an ancient gesture of contempt. That tactic stopped when Soviet troops took refuge behind large portraits of Chairman Mao.

To the west, the border between Soviet Central Asia and the Chinese region of Sinkiang runs for much of the way along the majestic peaks of the Tien Shan range of mountains. Late last year, a Japanese tourist persuaded his In-tourist guide to allow him a day close to the Soviet side of the border. He saw no troops, nor indeed any sign of unusual military activity, but he returned dazzled by the natural beauty of the area. "The Soviets called it a second Switzerland," he said later, "and it was—so lovely, peaceful and sparsely populated."

South of the Tien Shan on the Chinese side lies the Taklamakan Desert and the lake of Lop Nor, home of the Chinese nuclear tests. Beginning about 1960, the Peking government set out to transform the desert into a fertile area. Hundreds of thousands of soldiers, party cadres, middle-school graduates and intellectuals thought to be in need of "re-education" have been sent to Sinkiang to work for the cause, and their efforts have had some results. But for the most part, Sinkiang remains a wasteland, even less developed than the Soviet lands to the north.

THE WAR

Assessing the Attack

As rocket and mortar fire continued to pound up and down South Viet Nam and the Communists' post-Tet offensive of 1969 ended its third week, it bore some superficial resemblances to its predecessor at Tet last year. There was scarcely a major city or military center in the country that had not suffered some enemy fire. The numbers of provincial capitals that came under attack this year and last were identical: 29. "If you plotted the action by throwing up darts at a board," said one U.S. officer, "they'd look about the same." Outwardly the most distressing comparison turned up in U.S. casualty figures: in the first two weeks of the offensive, the number of American dead reached 783, just 33 men short of last year's two-week total.

Yet in the strategy of the Communist fighting, the two offensives so far have proved very different in means, targets and goals. The 1968 push was a total, countrywide assault, a general offensive involving nearly every ground trooper that North Viet Nam's General Vo Nguyen Giap could muster. By contrast, most of the darts on this year's board were the result not of ground attack but of "indirect fire"—shooting and shelling from safely remote points. Almost nowhere did Hanoi commit troops in more than company strength. Moreover, the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong concentrated attacks on military rather than civilian targets, bypassing all but 138, or only 1%, of South Viet Nam's 12,900 hamlets.

Heavy Blow. By thus avoiding contact wherever possible, Viet Cong and North Vietnamese troops have been able to cut their own losses by nearly two-thirds of last year's fearful toll: so far, their dead have numbered about 11,000 (v. nearly 30,000 after two weeks of fighting during the last offensive). Though still a heavy penalty, U.S. officials believe that Hanoi considers it within range of "acceptable" losses.

South Viet Nam's civilians have fared far better this year. Despite the occasional shelling of cities, the ordinary life in the country continues almost normally. Communications and roads are largely unimpaired, and the vital pacification effort—dealt a heavy blow in last year's assault—is unaffected in 36 of the country's 44 provinces. Saigon, which became an urban battlefield in 1968, has so far felt the offensive's blows only in the form of rocket salvos. There are no new curfew restrictions, no hoarding, no staggering price increases. Acts of terrorism, while still a threat, are well below last year's level, and the number of civilians made refugees in the current offensive is 23,877, less than 5% of the total last year.

Even so, the strategy of noncontact lasted only up to a point. Some of the fiercest close-in fighting came at Landing Zone Grant, a U.S. fire-support

base in III Corps near Saigon. The camp was hastily installed last January to block a vital junction in the Viet Cong's "Saigon River" infiltration route from Cambodia. Two weeks after the offensive began, no fewer than 800 Communist troops stormed Landing Zone Grant, charging through three rows of concertina barbed wire. In the battle, a rocket crashed into the command post, killing the base commander, Lieut. Colonel Peter Gorvad. Last week, armed with machine guns, satchel charges and flamethrowers, they tried again. This time the Americans were waiting; cranking down their huge 105- and 155-mm. guns, they opened up on the attackers pointblank. The two extended battles took the lives of 17 Americans and 285 North Vietnamese.

The vehemence with which Communist troops tried to take Landing Zone Grant indicated to some that they desperately wanted to reopen the infiltration route that leads toward Saigon. Other reports also suggested that key enemy units—including the elite 7th NVA Division and the 9th VC Division, which had taken part in every recent attack on the capital—were moving out of their sanctuaries and toward Saigon. Did that mean the offensive was about to enter a new phase of heavy fighting? Intelligence experts could not be certain. Some captured evidence pointed strongly to just that—as did a fresh shower of rocket and artillery attacks at week's end. Other evidence showed that the Communists thought they were already in the attack phase; and to confuse the picture even further, one high-ranking prisoner insisted that the present offensive is not phased at all and will last into the summer.

MIDDLE EAST

Shells Across Suez

The Egyptian artillerymen waited until the sun was low over the Suez Canal and shining in the eyes of Israeli gunners on the occupied east bank. Then, along the 70-mile front, they opened up with a sustained barrage, promptly answered in kind by the Israelis. At a time when a settlement in the Middle East is much on the minds of the leaders of the U.S., Russia and Western Europe, last week's sudden flare-up of violence seemed even more than usually to fit Clausewitz's definition of war as "continuation of diplomacy by other means." It was equally ominous that for four days Arabs and Israelis were once again doing battle in the heaviest exchange of artillery fire since their 1967 war.

Blackout in Cairo. The Egyptians have an estimated five divisions and 1,000 guns along the canal. The Israelis have roughly one division and crews to man perhaps a third as many guns, which they move frequently to deprive the Egyptians of fixed targets. An estimated 40,000 shells were lobbed across the canal. But despite a marked improvement in Egyptian gunnery since the last major exchange in October, casualties on both sides were relatively light. The Israelis put their own losses at five soldiers killed, 26 wounded, two vehicles destroyed, and a Piper Cub downed by a Soviet-made SA-2 missile. The Egyptians admitted to four soldiers killed, 39 wounded and 72 civilian casualties, as well as extensive damage to 14 oil tanks at the Suez and Nasr refineries.

By far the heaviest blow to Egypt, though, was the loss of its "golden sol-



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dier" and Chief of Staff, Lieut. General Abdel Monem Riad, the most highly regarded officer in any Arab country. Artilleryman Riad had flown to Ismailia for a firsthand look at the shelling, when he was struck by what the Israelis termed a "lucky" direct hit. Perhaps as a mark of soldierly respect, the guns along the Suez were silent for Riad's funeral next day. Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser led a parade of more than 100,000 mourners through Cairo, who broke into chants of "Gamal, Gamal, to the canal!"

Fitting the militant mood, Cairo was a city preparing for war. The government is gradually extending a blackout of neon signs, house lights and auto headlights. Since blackouts are tactically obsolete in an age of electronic detection instruments, the objective seemed to be to bring home to Cairenes the possibility that they might be bombed. All Nile bridges, train stations, telegraph offices and key installations are protected by guards in sandbagged redoubts. Brick blast walls have been built in front of thousands of doorways. MIG-21s make practice scrambles over the city and on the ground are protected by concrete revetments against a surprise attack like the one that wiped out Egypt's air force at the start of the Six-Day War.

Barlev Line. "There is no enthusiasm for the preparations," reports TIME Correspondent Lee Griggs. "But rather resignation. Egyptians are sadly reconciled to another round, simply because it somehow seems inevitable, and even at the cost of another 'setback.' They say they cannot allow a status quo to become established that might cost them Sinai as the price of a permanent settlement." Declared a government spokesman: the Israelis "are arming our territory against us."

If last week's barrage was in part designed to slow down that arming, the Egyptians were too late. The Israelis are securely dug in along the canal, in what they call the "Barlev Line," named for Chief of Staff Haim Barlev. It consists of multistory bunkers equipped with electric lights and even television and roofed with a "secret" material (possibly a combination of timber, sand and steel rails ripped up from the trans-Sinai railway line), which the Israelis claim can withstand a direct hit from a 130-mm. shell—one reason why their casualties were so light. If the shelling continues, the Israelis warned last week, they have no intention of sitting tight forever in their bunkers. One obvious target for reprisal: Port Said, out of range of Israeli artillery but not its jets.

The warnings served chiefly to illustrate the fact that violence has a momentum of its own, though many suspected that the sudden flare-up had primarily a diplomatic purpose. Just before the exchanges, Nasser's personal representative, Mahmoud Fawzi, showed up in London and Paris, pressing the argument that unless Israel withdraws at

least partially from the canal, the Arabs will consider themselves forced to fight another round. In the Israeli view, as Foreign Minister Abba Eban put it, Nasser simply staged the barrage "to cause panic on an international scale" at a time when the Nixon Administration is considering a big-power approach to a settlement.

On a visit to Washington last week, Eban argued eloquently against any settlement "imposed" by outside powers, and pressed that view in meetings with President Nixon and Secretary of State William Rogers. While not necessarily disagreeing with Eban, Rogers suggested that the U.S., Russia, Britain and France could provide "genuine assistance" to both sides in agreeing on a peace package.

AP—EVENING STANDARD—LONDON



"DOES THIS MEAN I DON'T GET THE SYNTHETIC PHENOL-FORMALDEHYDE POLYESTER MANUFACTURING COMPLEX CONTRACT?"

BRITAIN

Take Her Along

Russia's secret-police agency, the KGB, is on a constant lookout for potentially useful Western visitors—and not above using sex to provide evidence for blackmail. With an increasing number of businessmen visiting Russia and other Communist countries, the British government has taken public account of this fact. In a pamphlet issued by the Board of Trade, it offers Britons the delicate warning that "a liaison between a visitor and a local girl will not long remain unknown to the local intelligence service. The girl may be acting for that service from the outset."

If any Britons doubted that understatement, they had only to consider the case of Michael Connock. A correspondent specializing in Eastern Europe for London's *Financial Times*, he met a married Polish woman on a trip in 1966, and on subsequent visits, in his words, "we became very fond of each other." Last month, when Connock

returned to Poland, security agents picked him up, told him "you break up families," and warned that he might be permanently expelled from the country. They asked Connock to help identify British agents in Poland; he signed a statement of cooperation, then reported the whole affair to the British government, his wife, and his editor. Instead of being shifted to other work on the paper as he had expected, he was fired, and last week was still looking for a job.

One way of handling the KGB was relayed by British Agent Greville Wynne in his 1967 book *Contact on Gorky Street*. Returning to his hotel one night, Wynne recalled, he found a "dark, smiling girl" in his bed. Forewarned by British intelligence as to what to do in

such circumstances, he left the door open, ran downstairs, and told the clerk that his room had been rented to someone else by mistake. Then he went for a walk.

Some other counter-sex methods were offered last week by London Columnist Angela Ince. Writing in the *Evening News*, she advised wives of Russia-bound businessmen to "1) Insist that he take an extra vest (undershirt) and his tummy pills with him; a man in a vest eating digestion tablets is as morally safe as a man can be. 2) See that he packs no fewer than four pictures of you, taken ten years ago in a bikini and a bad light. Write across them 'Counting the seconds till you get back, Darling' in purple ink. 3) Ask him to phone you every night at nine. The amount of trouble a man can get into is minimal when he spends his evenings trying to make a telephone link between Omsk and Bexleyheath. 4) Go with him. The Board of Trade should jolly well buy your ticket. You're traveling for your country, aren't you?"

RUSSIA

Four New Works

Any roster of the great Russian novelists of this century must include Mikhail Sholokhov, Boris Pasternak and Alexander Solzhenitsyn. Sholokhov (*The Quiet Don*) and Pasternak (*Doctor Zhivago*) were both Nobel prize-winners. Solzhenitsyn's recently published *The First Circle* and *Cancer Ward* firmly established him as the greatest living writer of Russian prose today (TIME Cover, Sept. 27). Last week, in diverse manners and locales, important new works by all three men simultaneously appeared.

► Sholokhov's *They Fought for Their Country*, his first major novel since *The Quiet Don* came out 40 years ago, began to be excerpted in *Pravda*. That was slightly surprising, since the novel had been rumored to be banned because of its critical portrayal of Joseph Stalin. In fact, Sholokhov does seem

to the play, writes that he believes Pasternak's purpose was nothing less than "a religious, popular, social interpretation of the history of Russia, this 'Blind Beauty.'" Pasternak completed *The Blind Beauty* before his death nine years ago and left notes for the second play, but never got around to outlining the final drama, so far as is known. *Blind Beauty* itself was, in fact, believed lost, the only copies having been seized by the secret police. How a copy survived and reached the West is unknown. A sensational melodrama, set in the 1840s, the work bristles with handits and bursts of gunfire. The heroine is a serf girl, blinded as the result of a violent quarrel between master and slave. She seems to be meant to symbolize Russia, forever the victim of the conflict between barbarism and the simple, instinctive virtue that exists in its soul.

► Solzhenitsyn's new novel, *Arkhipelag Gulag*, reached the West, smuggled out

Every Easter eve a vigil far older than Russia begins in the Church of the Transfiguration of Our Lord, located in the village of Peredelkino, a residence of the Patriarch of the Russian Orthodox Church. At midnight the clergy and members of the congregation walk in procession around the church and enter through its main doors to celebrate the Resurrection. The Soviet authorities discourage religion, but they tolerate this rite—after a fashion. Alexander Solzhenitsyn describes the vigil at Peredelkino in the following story. It is published here in translation for the first time.

WE are told by experts that, when painting in oils, we should not represent things exactly as they are: for this there exists color photography. We must, by means of broken lines and combinations of square and triangular planes, convey the idea of the thing rather than the thing itself. I can't for my part see how color photography could make a meaningful selection of figures and compose into a single image the Easter procession at the Patriarchal church in Peredelkino as it is held today, half a century after the Revolution. Yet that picture would explain a lot, even were it painted by the most old-fashioned methods and without the use of triangular planes.

Half an hour before the chimes begin, the scene outside the railings of the Patriarchal Church of the Transfiguration of Our Lord is like a wild party in the dance hall of a remote and dowdy workers' settlement. Shrivelled girls in brightly colored scarves and slacks (admittedly a few wear skirts) stroll about in threes, in fives, push their way into the church. But the nave is crowded. The old women took their places early on Easter eve. They snap at each other and the girls come out. They circle around the courtyard, shout insolently, call each other out from afar, and inspect the small green, pink and white flames lit outside the windows of the church and beside the tombs of canons and bishops. As for the boys—tough and mean-looking—all have an air of victory (though what victories, except perhaps knocking a ball through a goal, have they won in their 15 or 20 years?). Nearly all are wearing caps (the few who are bareheaded haven't taken theirs off here). One out of four is tipsy, one out of ten is drunk. Every other one is smoking, and so disgustingly, with his butt stuck to his lower lip! So that long before the incense—in place of the incense—gray pillars of cigarette



SHOLOKHOV

Beyond, but not far.



PASTERNAK

Serf as a symbol.



SOLZHENITSYN

Islands in a sea.

in manuscript form without the author's knowledge or consent, and was being eagerly bid for by Western publishers. Banned by the Kremlin, as were the author's two previous novels, the work has long been circulating in Russia by hand-copied *sanizdat*, the underground press. The book is said to form the last part of a trilogy with *The First Circle* and *Cancer Ward*. In it, Solzhenitsyn takes Gleb Nerzhin, *Circle's* hero, from the relative comfort of the prison scientific community to the most terrible of Stalin's concentration camps. The novel's virtually untranslatable Russian title, *Arkhipelag Gulag*, suggests that all of Russia under Stalin was like a vast sea dotted with islands of concentration camps. *Gulag* is an acronym of the dread Main Labor Camp Administration.

► Pasternak's *The Blind Beauty*, a play, was published in an Italian magazine, *Il Dramma*,* the first of a series of three plays that Pasternak had intended as his "testament." *Il Dramma* Editor Giancarlo Vigorelli, in his introduction

* These good tidings were somewhat marred by word from Milan that Publisher Giangiacomo Feltrinelli had forbidden the publication of *Doctor Zhivago* in Czechoslovakia on the grounds that he did not want the book, which has always been proscribed in Russia, to be used "as an instrument of anti-Soviet policy." Feltrinelli, who holds the copyright on the novel, has made a fortune selling *Doctor Zhivago's* book and movie rights around the world.

Translation by Manya Harari

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THE EASTER PROCESSION

By Alexander Solzhenitsyn

smoke rise from the church courtyard, with its electric lights, toward the Easter sky with its brown, motionless clouds.

The boys spit on the pavement, dig each other in the ribs; some whistle shrilly, others swear obscenely and several tune into dance bands on their transistors. They hug their girls on the processional path and pull them from each other's arms and look them over cockily. At any moment you expect them to draw knives: first against each other, then against the believers. For the way these youngsters look upon believers is not as juniors upon their elders, not as guests upon their hosts, but as lords of the manor upon houseflies. Still, it doesn't come to knives. For decency's sake, three or four policemen are patrolling here and there. Nor are the obscenities shouted across the yard, but merely roared, as in hearty Russian talk. Legally there is no breach of public order for the police to see, so they look with friendly smiles upon the rising generation. You can't, after all, expect them to snatch the cigarettes from between their teeth or the caps from off their heads. The place is a public street, and to disbelieve in God is every citizen's constitutional right.

Pushed against the railings of the churchyard and the church walls, the believers, far from objecting, look around nervously for fear of getting a knife in the back, or of having their watches stolen—the watches on which they keep track of the remaining minutes before the Resurrection of Christ. Here, outside the church, they, the Orthodox, are much fewer than the grinning, milling rabble who oppress and terrorize them more than ever did the Tartars. The Tartars, surely, would have let up for Mattins on Easter Sunday.

The legal boundary to crime has not been crossed, the banditry is bloodless, the insult to the spirit is in the baneful leer of those grinning lips, the brazen talk, the courting, pawing, smoking, spitting—two paces away from the Passion of Christ. The insult is the triumphantly contemptuous expression with which the snotty brats have come to watch their grandfathers re-enact their forefathers' rites.

Among the believers, one or two mild Jewish faces are to be seen. The Jews may have been baptized, or not. They, too, glance nervously around them as they wait for the procession. We all run down the Jews, the Jews are always in our way, but we'd do well to look: What kind of Russians have we raised? Look, and your heart stops still.

Yet these are not our shock troops of the '30s—those who, yelling like demons, tore the Easter cakes from the believers' hands—oh no! These are moved by intellectual curiosity, as you might say. There is no more ice hockey on TV, and the football season hasn't yet begun—they're bored, that's why they crowd around the candlestand to buy candles, pushing Christians aside like sacks of straw and swearing at what they call "church businessmen."

One thing is remarkable: none are from Peredelkino, yet each knows all the others by name. How can this be? Are they all, perhaps, from the same factory? Can it be that they sign on for these hours of duty as they do for volunteer police work?

The bell strikes loudly overhead—but there is something artificial about it: the strokes are tinny, somehow, not full-voiced and deep. The chimes announce the Easter procession.

But once again, the chief role goes, not to the believers, but to these same roaring youths. In twos and threes they burst into the yard, hurrying, yet not knowing where to look, which side to make for, where the procession will come from. They light their crimson Easter candles, and with the candles—with those candles they light their cigarettes, that's what they do with them!

They crowd and wait as though for the beginning of the fox trot. All that's missing is a bar, so that these curv-headed lanky youths (our race is as tall as ever) may blow white beer foam onto the tombs.

By now the head of the procession has moved down from the porch and turned into the yard to the sound of the carillon. Two businesslike men, who walk in front, ask the young comrades to make way a little. Three paces behind them an elderly processional personage, something like a verger, carries a pole topped by a heavy cut-glass lantern with a candle inside. He glances apprehensively up at the lantern, anxious to keep it steady, and as apprehensively from side to side. This is the picture I would paint if I knew how! What does the verger fear? That the builders of the new society will fall upon the Christians, that they will beat them up? The on-lookers share his fear.

Trousered girls with candles, and boys in caps and unbuttoned raincoats, cigarettes between their teeth (there must be many faces in the picture, primitive, cheeky faces, with their ruble's worth

of self-assurance and five kopecks' worth of understanding—though some are trusting, simple-mouthed) crowd around and watch a performance that no one can buy tickets to see. Following the lantern come two banner bearers. They, too, as though afraid, huddle together.

And behind them, in five rows of twos, come ten women with thick, burning candles in their hands. They too must all be in the picture. The women are elderly, with strong, dedicated faces, ready to die should the tigers be loosed. Only two are young—as young as the girls who crowd with the boys—but how innocent their faces and how full of light! Ten women sing and walk in serried ranks. They are as triumphant as though all around them were people crossing themselves, praying, repenting, howling to the ground. These women do not smell the cigarette smoke, their ears are closed to the obscenities, their feet move across the yard not sensing that it has turned into a dance floor.

So begins the Easter procession. Something reaches out to the young jungle beasts on either side and they grow a little quieter.

Following the women come priests and deacons in pale chasubles—about eight of them. But how huddled together they are, crowding together, getting in each other's way, so that there is scarcely room to swing a censer. Yet here, if he had not been dissuaded, the Patriarch of all the Russias could have celebrated the liturgy and walked in the procession!

Close together, hastily, they pass, and after them—after them there's no one! That's the end of the procession! There are no worshipers, no pilgrims following the priests because, should they leave the church, they could not get in again.

There are no worshipers in the procession, but now—now the rabble breaks in. As though pouring through the smashed doors of a store, as though hurrying to grab the loot, to steal the rations, sweeping past the gate posts, whirled into the torrent, boys and girls rush and jostle and shove their way—why? They themselves don't know. To watch the priests fooling about? Or just to jostle? Is that their assigned task?

A procession with no one praying! A procession with no one making the sign of the cross! A procession in hats, with cigarettes, with transistors slung around necks! The picture must include the front rows of the crowd as they squeeze through the railings—then it will be complete! One old woman, standing aside, crosses herself and says to another: "It's good this year—no hooliganism. Look how many policemen . . ." So now we know. It was worse in other years.

CANADA

Days of the Long Knives

To a point, the harp seals of maritime Canada live fortuitous lives. The gray-tan harp—so called because of a harp-shaped black blotch on its back—cannot swim at birth and dies if whelped into the frigid ocean off Labrador. By a generous natural coincidence, however, whelping occurs just as spring thaws begin to break up the winter ice in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Taking advantage of the breakup, pregnant cows among the 800,000 harps make their way south. Swimming down the Labrador coast and through the Strait of Belle Isle, they enter the broad Gulf of St. Lawrence. In the sheltered waters of the gulf, the herd instinctively turns the ice floes into floating maternity wards.

Females flop onto the smoother ice to bear their offspring. The newborn pups, plump bundles of snow-white fur, with limpid dark eyes and chic whiskers, spend a full month bleating helplessly on the ice and fattening on the richest maternal milk produced by any mammal. At the end of the month, when their fur darkens, they are ready for the water.

Stout Oak Clubs. Not all of them make it. Of the 250,000 harp-seal pups born in the gulf each year, nearly one-quarter may die at the hands of their natural enemy—man. Their white coats have long been prized for boot and glove trimmings and for fur jackets. In the gulf, a horde of hunters invade the floes on foot, by boat, on ski-equipped planes and in recent years by helicopter. Hundreds of sealers—"swilers" in the Newfoundland dialect—conduct a brief but grimly efficient slaughter. With stout oak clubs they move systematically through the herd, beating the whitecoats to death with raps on the skull. Only if a hulking 300-lb. cow seal chooses to fight for her baby will a swiler sometimes spare it. But most cows, especially the older ones, abandon their pups and escape into the water.

The killing continues until 50,000

pups, the legal limit, have been slaughtered. Then, after ten days or so, the Canadian hunters move on to "the front," the edge of the Arctic ice off Labrador, where they and Norwegian hunters slay perhaps another 200,000 seals in the course of a 13-day no-limit hunting season. In most years—this year so far has been disastrous for the hunters because of patch ice—fishermen and farmers from the Atlantic provinces can hope to make from \$600 to \$1,000 for their brief moonlighting stint as swilers and thereby double their meager incomes. For Canada, the hunt results in \$1,500,000 in annual exports.

Outrageously Inappropriate. A veteran swiler can complete a kill in less than a minute. The hunter, his face smeared with seal blood to cut down ice glare and prevent chapping, grabs a 60-lb. pup by a hind flipper, whacks it on its soft skull, spins the pup over, punctures the throat and then neatly skins away pelt, flippers and blubber with swift strokes of a razor-sharp knife. The process commences at dawn, continues until dark and turns the once pristine ice into an ugly palette of dirtied snow, crimson blood sprays and grotesquely skinned carcasses. Watching this month's carnage *TIME* Correspondent Dick Duncan concluded: "Somehow in the savagely beautiful surroundings of the ice pack shimmering in the sun, the industrialized slaughter of 50,000 helpless and incredibly cuddly young animals seemed not so much cruel or unwise but simply outrageously inappropriate."

The Canadian government is having similar thoughts after four years of hostile publicity and occasional exaggerations about the hunt. In 1964, a Quebec TV crew filmed it to glorify the

hardy Newfoundland swilers; the finished product horrified Canadians instead (although swilers angrily maintain that scenes of seals being skinned alive were staged by the TV men). Another film is being shown around the world by a determined Canadian S.P.C.A. executive named Brian Davies. It has provoked emotional stories in the world press, and something close to an international crusade to halt the hunt. Angry letters and petitions flood Ottawa, and demonstrators have besieged Canadian embassies and consulates. Among the protesters are Americans obviously unaware that the U.S. sanctions hunters who annually club or shoot 120,000 seals in the Pribiloff Islands of Alaska. Boycotts have seriously affected sales of all varieties of seal furs, and seal-skin prices. The income of Canadian Eskimos, who depend on pelt sales for a livelihood, has dropped in five years from \$750,000 to \$95,000.

Deer Hunting Is Worse. Without success, Canadian government officials try to rebut the more emotional charges. They point out that the publicity, ironically, deals only with the gulf hunt, which is now closely patrolled and more humane than it was before 1965. Thirty inspectors were on the floes this year; they checked carcasses for skull fractures (meaning instant death, hence no skinning alive), shooed away unlicensed hunters and tallied the kill. The resulting hunt, says Fisheries Minister Jack Davis, is "probably more humane than most deer hunting." But no newsmen seem to go to the front, where Canadian swilers complain that their Norwegian competitors are still hooking pups with gaffs and skinning them alive. Nor is the annual gulf hunt, contrary to accusations, decimating the herd (although the limitless kill on the front is). Yet no matter how many explanations they make, Canadian officials are unable to quell the uproar for an elemental reason. Says one: "If we could find a way to make pup seals look like alligators, our problems would be over."

Before long, if other income can be

DUNCAN, AMERSON, CAPITAL PRESS



SEAL & PUP



HUNTER ABOUT TO KILL
If only they looked like alligators.



SKINNING THE CARCASS

The dinner was perfect.
The compliments flowed.
Now when you'd like to sit and relax,
there's a sink full of grimy pots
that you have to scrub clean.

No more.

Now there's a dishwasher that scours
pots just as clean as it gets your plates.

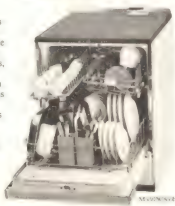
The new GE dishwasher has exclusive
Selecta-Level upper racks that move up
or down individually so dirty pots, pans,
even large platters fit in.

It also has a soft food disposer. So you
don't have to rinse or scrape dirty dishes
at the sink anymore.

The new GE dishwasher also features
four jet streams that catch dirt in a
crossfire and quietly wipe it out. GE's
Mini Wash[®] cycle for small loads. And
GE's Rinse-and-Hold cycle to keep

dishes out of sight—moist and ready
for cleaning.

New GE dishwashers come in front
load portables, top load portables and



convertible models. Undercounter and
undersink. Prices start as low as \$119.95*.
Shaded colors slightly higher.

Ask your local GE dealer to show you
how easy it is to go to pots.

Now you don't have to wash your
dishes before you wash your dishes.



**GENERAL
ELECTRIC**

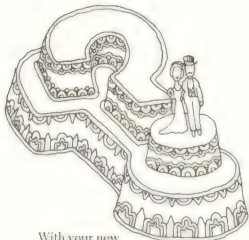
This is no way to end a perfect meal.



*You'll realize more savings on a GE dishwasher, but it's hard to know we're really

*Minimum required down payment is \$20.00. See dealer for details.

Behind every "I do" lurks a "Can I?"



With your new responsibilities fresh in your mind, take a look at the future. For instance, what if something happened to you. Would your wife be okay financially?

That's why you could use a Family Security Check-Up.

It's Metropolitan's way, and we think the best way, to keep you on top of the big events in your life.

You tell a Metropolitan agent what you've gotten out of life financially so far. And what you hope to get later. He'll feed the facts into our computer. And present you with a choice of tailor-made insurance plans. Then he'll help you pick the one that fits the best.

You see, we like to think we help with the big things so you can have more time to consider the small.

So when you give your bride a ring, give your Metropolitan man one too. He can do more than wish you a happy life.



Metropolitan Life

found for impoverished hunters, Canada may turn the St. Lawrence Gulf into a seal sanctuary. Even the grizzled swimmers should be relieved. They do not particularly enjoy the annual bloodbath themselves. Newfoundlanders have odd names for almost everything; a spring storm is "Sheila's brush," strong tea is "switchel" and floating ice is variously described as "growlers," "bergie hits" and "clumpers." But where biologists clinically refer to female seals as cows, the craggy Newfoundlanders never do. To them, they are always "mothers."

PERU

Talking It Over

Returning to Santiago from a visit to neighboring Peru, Chilean Foreign Minister Gabriel Valdés hastily summoned U.S. Ambassador Edward Korry. In Lima, Valdés had held two long talks with Juan Velasco Alvarado, leader of the military junta that seized power last fall. Subject: the approaching showdown between Peru and the U.S., which neither nation really wants. Soon after his junta overthrew President Fernando Belaúnde Terry in October, Velasco expropriated the U.S.-owned International Petroleum Co. As a result, the U.S., under a congressionally imposed retaliation called the Hickenlooper Amendment (TIME, Feb. 14), would have no choice in six months but to cut off aid and favored trade with Peru unless "appropriate steps" were taken toward a settlement compensating the oil company.

Velasco, reported Valdés, was finally beginning to realize that the U.S. actually intended to invoke the amendment and that the two countries were on a collision course. With 350,000 sugar workers immediately dependent on exports to the U.S., Peru's previously adamant president was now open to negotiation.

Disintegrating Relations. Valdés' message, relayed to Washington from Santiago, contained four face-saving

provisos for the sovereignty-conscious Peruvian junta. Velasco would receive a U.S. emissary, but that representative must be 1) a high-level personage, 2) President Nixon's special representative, 3) armed with discretionary powers to negotiate broadly, and 4) willing to come to Lima. The Administration has been increasingly concerned over its disintegrating hemispheric relations; at his press conference two weeks ago, President Nixon ruefully admitted that imposing the Hickenlooper Amendment would have an anti-American domino effect all over South America. Therefore the President speedily agreed to all four considerations. Off to Lima last week flew John N. Irwin, 55, a Wall Street lawyer who served briefly in the Eisenhower Administration as a Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Affairs and who helped to negotiate new treaties with Panama covering the Panama Canal.

Peruvians received the President's representative cordially and prepared to get down to serious negotiations this week to head off the Hickenlooper deadline of April 9. To demonstrate good faith, moreover, Velasco held his first press conference and made a point of answering questions from U.S. correspondents.

Not Willy-Nilly. "We want to converse," the retired general said somewhat nervously, standing in khaki army uniform behind his desk. Velasco praised the U.S. as "a just nation" and suggested that "immoral companies" were the real barrier keeping the two countries apart. How would the spread be resolved, he was asked, between the \$120 million that the IPC is asking for its expropriated properties and the \$54 million that Peru up to now has been prepared to pay? "Court-appointed appraisers will decide what the property is worth." Was the \$690 million that Peru insists it is owed by IPC subject to modification? "Yes, naturally. We are not acting willy-nilly." With that, the two sides retired for private discussions to defuse the crisis.

EQUATORIAL GUINEA

Fangs a Lot

It was only last fall that an improbable little part-island, part-mainland Spanish territory in Africa won its independence and sidled into the world's consciousness as the 126th member of the United Nations. The omens could not have been brighter. Spanish U.N. Ambassador Don Jaime de Piniés applauded "the splendid example of peaceful independence" set by tiny Equatorial Guinea, and in return the nation's U.N. ambassador, Saturnino Ibonjo Iyanga, said his countrymen hoped to be "an Iberian bridge to Africa." All differences seemed ironed out between the 60,000 Fangs of underdeveloped Rio Muni, the mainland wing, and the 8,000 Bubi of the prosperous island of Fernando Poo. Francisco Macias Nguema, 45, was

BUSTARD NIETO—FIS



FRANCISCO MACIAS NGUEMA
With friends that fall out.

elected President, and his fellow Fang, cosmopolitan Atanasio Ndong, 41, became Foreign Minister. Then, unhappily, the Fangs fell out.

Macias, a sleepy-eyed, impetuous demagogue, noted that Spanish officials in Bata, the capital, had had the temerity to fly three Spanish flags over official buildings—one beyond the quota: Late in February, he sent his personal guard to haul one flag down. When the Spanish ambassador dropped by to discuss the matter, Macias ordered him out of his office and cabled Madrid to demand that he be recalled. A few days later, Foreign Minister Ndong and U.N. Ambassador Ibonjo (also a Fang) arrived in Bata and the situation deteriorated still further.

Ndong tried to mount a *golpe* (coup) against Macias, who, at the time, was out of town delivering a series of tirades against Spanish "exploiters." Well aware that without Spanish financial aid (which runs to nearly \$8,000,000 a year), Equatorial Guinea would find itself in serious difficulty, Ndong moved into the President's office, after doing his best to assure himself of military support. The assurances proved illusory. As Macias now tells it, Ndong became so frightened when Macias returned that he leaped from the office's window and broke a leg. Ibonjo, also in the office, was arrested. The coup, without a leg to stand on, collapsed.

The political unrest, combined with Macias' increasingly anti-Spanish attitude, was enough to persuade more than 2,000 Spaniards to flee the country. According to Macias, Ibonjo poisoned himself in prison, though some Spaniards maintain he was beaten to death in his cell. Spokesmen for Macias said Ndong was being treated in a Bata hospital. The 260-man Spanish garrison still remains. Macias, after first ordering them to leave, seems to trust his own troops no longer.



SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE IRWIN
To keep the dominoes upright.

BIAFRA

Come on Down and Get Killed

By day, São Tomé Island drowns in tropic torpor. Toward evening, however, the diminutive Portuguese colony off West Africa's underbelly in the Gulf of Guinea suddenly rouses. Along its single airport's runway can be seen a motley squadron of DC-6s, a C-46, a Super Constellation, and lately bigger but nonetheless obsolete C-97 stratofreighters, wheeling into readiness. Trucks dash up, hauling crates of food and medicines. Eventually, crews as varied as their airplanes—Swedes, Finns, Americans, a stolid Yorkshireman, a not so dour Scot—scream up in cars and climb aboard. One by one, at 20-minute in-

tervals, the cargo planes lumber down the runway, turn northward toward the Nigerian coast. Late afternoon sunlight splashes on little blue and gold fish, the fuselage emblems of the interfaith airlift organized by the World Council of Churches and the Catholic relief organization Caritas to shuttle food to starving Biafra.

Since Uli airport, 90 minutes' flying time from São Tomé, is shrunken Biafra's lone remaining link with the world, the night shuttle frequently hauls passengers as well. A visitor has to be nerveless to endure the trip. Approaching the coast at dusk, the planes are occasionally shot at by Nigerian anti-aircraft batteries. When they reach Uli, homing in on the airfield's radio beacon, they face worse harassment from a twin-engine Nigerian Ilyushin the pilots call "the Intruder." The Ilyushin hovers over blacked-out Uli every night for four hours, drops 500-lb. bombs from time to time, and forces the food planes to pull up and scatter. Its pilot breaks into their radio frequency in mocking, accented English. "This is genocide, baby," he taunts. "Come on down and get killed." Some do. Two

mercy planes have crashed in the eleven months since the airlift got under way. The eight crewmen killed in the crashes lie in simple graves at a nearby village called Mgbidi.

A Nice Road But. To avoid the Intruder, planes travel 20 miles to another beacon erected in a treetop where they hover in holding patterns. Here the danger is perhaps greater. Other planes from Gabon loaded with arms and ammunition also join the pattern; sometimes as many as 20 ships are circling simultaneously, some assigned the same altitudes by inexperienced Biafran ground controllers. The sight of fire-bright exhausts in the African night is slim comfort to other flyers. Says Swedish Pilot Ulf Engelbrecht: "If all the pilots some night were to turn on ro-

possible. Diversions because of the Intruder eat up time; so does the fact that Uli can accommodate only eight planes easily and gives priority to the gunrunners. Weakened by hunger, Biafran ground crews sag noticeably unloading second or third flights. When the Ilyushin drops one of its bombs, the Biafrans vanish, leaving the plane crews and church officials to offload the cargo themselves. Twenty-four missions in one night is the squadron record. The average is closer to half that many.

Pay for facing such hazards ranges upwards of \$5,000 a month. Even at those wages, most U.S. crews of the C-97s that reached Africa in January are already refusing to fly any more and are returning home. The Europeans, mostly veteran pilots too old or too flaky to



AIRLIFT CREWMEN & PLANES AT SÃO TOMÉ AIRPORT
Radioed the Intruder: "This is genocide, baby."

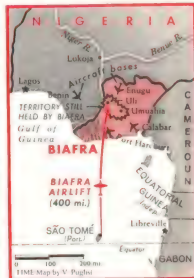
tating beacons and clearance lights, a dozen of them would die of fright at their proximity to one another."

Leaving the pattern for the harrowing descent into Uli, a plane threads through Biafran ack-ack thrown up by gunners who confuse friendlies with the Intruder. As they near ground level, crews must maneuver in darkness for all but the final 30 seconds before touchdown. The runway is really only a section of the road between Uli and Mgbidi that has been widened to 75 feet. "That's a nice wide road," comments one flyer, "but a damned narrow runway." Airplanes' wheels have no more than a 20-ft. margin on either side. Wingtips brush treetops, and to avoid running out of runway, pilots reverse their propellers and "stand" on their brakes. Not infrequently, an incoming pilot discovers that the control tower has blithely sent a plane out above or below him.

Whisky and Al Capone. To soothe their psyches, mercy pilots turn the shuttle into a competition. Each tries to make three flights a night; this means leaving Uli near sunup on the third run and dodging dawn-patrol Nigerian MIGs. But three flights are almost im-

possible. Diversions because of the Intruder eat up time; so does the fact that Uli can accommodate only eight planes easily and gives priority to the gunrunners. Weakened by hunger, Biafran ground crews sag noticeably unloading second or third flights. When the Ilyushin drops one of its bombs, the Biafrans vanish, leaving the plane crews and church officials to offload the cargo themselves. Twenty-four missions in one night is the squadron record. The average is closer to half that many.

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be hired by regular airlines, are thus still bearing the brunt of the shuttle, though they have been flying only two nights out of every four instead of every night, as they did before the ex-U.S. Air Force C-97s arrived.

Life on São Tomé between flights is expensive and dull. Hotel beds cost \$9 a day and car rentals in some cases are \$250 a month. The Portuguese businessman who rents the beds and leases the cars is referred to, unaffectionately, as Al Capone. Returning from a night's work, crews breakfast—usually on whisky to untangle their gut knots—sleep, swim, send money home. Like all air-men, they do a lot of ground flying: when their ecclesiastical employers are out of earshot, they talk of bombing Lagos or heroically knocking down the Intruder by maneuvering a wingtip under his wingtip in the darkness and "flipping his ass to kingdom come." They joke grimly over the fact that their nightly flights mean only a trickle of food for Biafra's famished population. Then, as day begins to vanish over São Tomé, dinner is served, the cargo trucks depart, the ancient aircraft cough into life, and the shuttle resumes.

THE ELECTRIC HEAT WAVE:

Why millions are turning to flameless electric heat.

Electric heat is coming on so strong you may not even regard flame fuels as acceptable alternatives in a few years.

More than 3 million homes along with hundreds of thousands of commercial structures have electric heat today! Not surprising when you consider its cleanliness, comfort and modernity. Electric heat offers a wide choice of systems. Some of which have no equivalent with flame fuels. All reduce maintenance to an absolute minimum.

Interestingly, many people are turning to

electric heat because of its low cost and unmatched efficiency. The electric heating system is nearly 100% efficient, versus far less for a flame fuel even at its laboratory best! On top of this, owning and operating economies of electric heating have been improving steadily. Now it is within practical reach of everybody.

Should you have electric heat? Get the facts. Plan ahead for continued economies five, ten, twenty years from now. This is what should govern your choice.

Flameless Electric Heat



Live Better Electrically

Edison Electric Institute
250 Third Ave., N.Y. N.Y. 10017



Information on typical all-electric buildings in your area is available from your electric utility company.

PEOPLE

L'Osservatore Romano, the Vatican's unhurried newspaper, has just published the news that on March 3, 1890, **Buffalo Bill** met **Pope Leo XIII**. Seems Bill Cody was on tour with his troupe, and was standing in St. Peter's Square when the Pope passed by. The two did not speak, noted *L'Osservatore*; yet "the Pope observed Cody with curiosity, and when he passed before him, the great explorer bowed deeply while receiving the papal benediction." No story ran then because it was not an official audience. But now it could be told: *L'Osservatore* was reviewing a new book, *Buffalo Bill, True and False*, by Italian Author Giuseppe Rivarola.

While a formation of three old Stearman biplanes droned over San Mateo, Calif., the Hamilton Air Force Base band burst into *anchors aweigh*. The flyers of the U.S. Air Force and Navy, along with half a dozen civilian aviation groups decided it was high time to pay tribute to Snoopy, pilot par excellence and fearless scourge of the Red Baron. As the peerless pup's creator, Cartoonist **Charles Schulz**, stood at attention, they gave him a pair of gold wings and a picture of Snoopy in fighter-pilot gear. It was too bad that Snoopy could not be there in person, said Schulz. "He's on his way to the moon. The last time I heard from him, he was over Petaluma, and he told me, 'You can tell when I'm on my return because I'm facing the other way.'"

Melina Mercouri was so indignant she quivered. And when Melina quivers, strong men have been known to develop palpitations. They did more than that in Italy, where she was campaigning to rouse opinion against the dictatorship in Greece. In Genoa she gave such an in-

centenary speech ("Hurrah for Liberty! And for all those tortured by the colonels, those thousands locked up in concentration camps! *Re-si-sten-za!*") that crowds stoned the Greek consulate and battled police. Next she turned up in Turin, where extreme left-wingers used the occasion to pelt police with paving stones, overturn cars and generally raise a ruckus. In Athens the government shrugged off her campaign. "She is just a has-been."

Rumors had been buzzing that if **Norman Mailer** won a National Book Award this year, he would turn it down in a gesture of defiance to the Establishment. But when Mailer was named winner in arts and letters for *The Armies of the Night*, he accepted. Not for him the self-denial of **Jean-Paul Sartre**, who refused a Nobel prize in 1964. "Sartre said he did not want people to refer to him as Sartre the Nobel prizewinner, but just as Sartre," Mailer recalled. "The fact is, the bourgeois call him Sartre the perverted existentialist, so if he had taken the prize, he would at least be known as Sartre the perverted existentialist Nobel prizewinner."

Relations between the BBC and No. 10 Downing Street could hardly have been characterized as cordial in recent years. But last week there were signs of a thaw between the Harold Wilsons and "Auntie." First, the PM was featured in a friendly BBC radio interview in which he reminisced about his 25 years in politics. Next day, **Mary Wilson** was on a program which centers around what to save in case of shipwreck. Each celebrated castaway is allowed one book, eight records and one luxury. Mary Wilson's book: *Wuthering Heights*. Her records: selections ranging from *Faust* to English country dances. And her luxury? "A complete makeup set, just in case a ship came along to rescue me."

Their music was pure "bluegrass," with **Lester Flatt** fingerin' away on the guitar and **Earl Scruggs** handling the five-string banjo. For 21 years they toured the country-music circuit, had their own radio show, and were rediscovered by pop America for their background music that was very much in the foreground of *Bonnie and Clyde*. Now Flatt, 54, and Scruggs, 45, have announced they are breaking up the act. Just why, they would not say. Friends report that the two have never been close, and now that both are well off financially, they see no reason to stick together. Said one acquaintance: "They have come to hate each other's guts."

"When I was a boy," the guest conductor told the orchestra, "there were four very good young violinists here in San Francisco. One was Isaac Stern, one was Ruggiero Ricci, one was Yehudi Menuhin, and the fourth was Joe

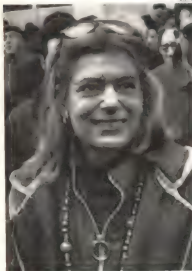


ALIO TO WITH SYMPHONY
What ever became of Joe?

Alioto. I know what happened to the first three—but what ever became of Joe Alioto?" Among other things, he grew up to be mayor of San Francisco. Now he was before the San Francisco Symphony, telling jokes on himself and preparing to lead the orchestra through the opening number of a benefit performance. The mayor, who still practices his violin at home, did so well the orchestra members gave him a resounding wave of applause.

Daddy-O is his nickname in Paris. But marriage, it appears, has hardly slowed **Aristotle Onassis** on his appointed rounds of the city's nocturnal watering holes. "Come post-midnight, dusk or 4 a.m., and there is Daddy-O, taking large gulps of refreshing nightfub air somewhere on the Left Bank," wrote the London *Evening Standard's* Paris correspondent. Among his recent companions: Actress **Elsa Martinelli** and her photographer husband, **Henri Du-bonnet** of the *apéritif* family, the *Maharani* of Baroda. And Jackie-O? Last week Mrs. Onassis was reportedly winging into Paris to disengage Ari from the spas and take him to the Canary Islands for a bit of sun.

A schoolmarm in tweed skirts and sensible shoes? That hardly sounds like Britain's **Vanessa Redgrave**, protester for all reasons. Still, she is starting a school for children in England. "We've got all kinds of ideas of what the school should be," says Vanessa, "but I think we should learn from the children themselves." One course is already set: Swimming. "The wonderful thing about swimming is that it's the only natural environment in which a child can be totally independent from an adult; water is a natural element." After all, says the new pedagogue, "a child sort of bubbles away in the womb, doesn't it?"



MERCOURI IN GENOA
Who's a has-been?



Flavor your fun with Winston

Up front, only Winston has Filter-Blend tobaccos for the best taste in filter cigarettes.

Winston tastes good...like a cigarette should *(like your cigarette should)*



When Bert Simon decided to install a computer, five companies turned out to help him make up his mind.

Bert Simon is President of Simon Stores, Inc., a chain of retail stores headquartered in Oakland, California.

When his grandfather founded the business at the turn of the century, it was a simple shop selling secondhand tools to local tradesmen. Today, Simon's is a modern version of a country store where a man can buy anything from a brass bolt to a diamond ring.

"Last year we decided to install a small computer," relates Mr. Simon. "A simple matter—so we thought. But when word got around, to our surprise, five computer companies were interested in submitting competitive bids. All the equipment was first class. It took six months of studying and thinking before we made up our minds.

"We finally decided to go with IBM. What impressed us was how much their people knew about our business; how well they understood our special problems—and how to solve them.

"As a result of the computer, we've been able to give our customers better service. And in any business, that's what keeps them coming back."



IBM[®]

Less than twenty years ago, there was just a handful of companies making computers. Today, there are more than sixty—helping men like Bert Simon run their businesses more efficiently and do a better job for their customers.



The Hugger. Camaro SS Coupe with Rally Sport equipment.

What the younger generation's coming to.

The 1969 Camaro is closing the generation gap. Fast.

Some parents are even asking to borrow their kids' Camaros.

And some kids are actually letting them.

Camaro's secret is its Corvette accent. Standard bucket seats. V8's up to 325 horsepower. And Camaro's the only American car

besides Corvette that offers 4-wheel disc brakes.

Camaro's got a lot more going for it, too. Like this SS version that comes with a big V8, power disc brakes, beefed-up suspension, a special floor shift and wide oval tires. And with the Rally Sport package, you've got the only sportster at its price with out-of-

sight headlights.

But don't think for a minute that we won't sell you a Camaro if you're over thirty.

After all, it's not how young you are.

It's how old you aren't.



Putting you first, keeps us first.

See Olympic Gold Medalist Jean-Claude Killis, Sundays, CBS-TV. Check your local TV listings.

THE LAW

LAWYERS

"There Is No Better Than Me"

A few weeks ago, Lawyer Percy Foreman wearily confided to a friend that James Earl Ray would be his last client in a criminal case. From now on, said Foreman, he would confine his activities to only a few civil suits. "I am 66 years old," he explained, "and I don't need money. So why should I expose myself to the agony of criminal cases?" Last week, however, after successfully coping a controversial plea for Ray, Foreman was obviously feeling perkier; he denied categorically that he had any notion of retiring from criminal practice.

No matter what he does, Foreman already has established for himself a permanent place in the legal profession's hall of fame. "There is no better trial lawyer in the U.S. than me," he says unblushingly. And he may well be right. During a career covering more than 40 years, he has served as defense counsel in at least 1,500 capital cases in hometown Houston and other cities. By his own count, a mere 64 of his clients were sentenced to prison and only one was executed. That was a convicted killer named Steve Mitchell, who Foreman still insists was "as sweet and kind a person as ever lived."

Without Laughter. In the courtroom, Percy comes across at first as a fit figure for ridicule—a shambling hulk (6 ft. 4 in., 250 lbs.) of a man with baggy pants. But his opponents know better than to laugh. Foreman combines a superbly skilled legal mind with a brilliant sense of showmanship. In one case, he defended a woman who had killed her husband, a cattleman, because he had flogged her with a whip. As he addressed the jury, Foreman kept picking up the long black whip from the counsel table and cracking it ferociously. By the time he was through, the jury seemed willing to award the lady a Medal of Honor.

Another Foreman client was a woman named Mahotah Muldrow. She and her husband got into an argument; he belted her around a bit. Thereupon she shot him five times and then left him for dead in the front yard. She drove herself to the police station to turn herself in but, for some reason, changed her mind and went back home. There, in the presence of several neighbors, who by now had gathered around Mr. Muldrow's body, Mahotah fired a sixth shot. Foreman won an acquittal by convincing the jury that the first five shots had been fired in self-defense and that the sixth was 1) the result of some sort of nervous reaction, and 2) had missed.

A favorite Foreman tactic is to argue that a murder victim was a rascal who badly needed killing. That was

part of his strategy in the celebrated 1966 maritime trial of Candy Mossler in Miami. Foreman repeated time and again that the late Jacques Mossler had been a "depraved" sexual deviate who might have been killed by any number of people.*

High Mission. There have been a good many forks in the road to Percy Foreman's present state of eminence. The son of a small-town Texas sheriff, Percy was one of eight children. He went to work at the tender age of eight, tried everything from shining shoes to professional wrestling. During his years at the University of Texas Law School, he turned his natural tal-



FOREMAN AT HOME WITH WIFE & DAUGHTER
Many forks in the road to eminence.

ent for oratory into tuition fees by hitting the Chautauqua trail, lecturing widely on such subjects as "The High Mission of Women in the 20th Century" and "How to Get the Most Out of Life." After getting his law degree at the age of 25, he served briefly as an assistant county prosecutor before entering into private practice.

Foreman is a man of bewildering contradictions. His personal charm, when he cares to exercise it, is overwhelming; yet he has been known to snarl at dilatory waitresses: "I get \$200 an hour, and you have taken up \$60 worth." In the courtroom, he would almost liter-

* Since Candy's acquittal, she and Foreman have had a bitter falling out. She has brought a lawsuit against him to recover assorted jewels that he had collected from her before the trial as security for his fee. In turn, Foreman is asking that a jury decide what he will be paid for defending Candy.

ally die for his clients; during conferences in their cells, he often cusses them up one side and down the other. With the well-heeled, he is merciless about fees. They must be paid in either cash or property (he owns numerous cars and houses turned over to him in fee settlements). However, if a case involving an impoverished person interests him, he will undertake it for nothing. Even though his work keeps him away from home for long periods, Foreman is a strong family man who dotes on his eleven-year-old daughter. His second wife is former German Screen Actress Marguerite Obert; he also has an adopted son.

In the Dead of Night. Foreman can be cynical about the law. It is, he says, quoting Aaron Burr, "whatever is boldly asserted and plausibly maintained." He is, in fact, dedicated to the law and is one of its hardest-working practitioners. Foreman's Houston office consists of himself and a secretary, and Percy does almost all of his own investigating. Says Houston's Bill Walsh, a lawyer who has known Foreman for many years: "While other lawyers are at home and asleep in bed, Percy's out in the dead of night, trudging around in the rain looking for witnesses."

Although he has made a career out of defending accused killers, Foreman is genuinely horrified at the act of killing. His aversion applies not only to any state-ordered execution of his clients but goes so far as to include game hunters. Foreman takes genuine pleasure in telling the story of a deer hunter who, while sitting in the branches of a tree, fell out and impaled himself on the antlers of a deer he had meant to shoot. That, says Foreman, was "divine justice."

Last week, after the Ray trial and while still in the process of changing his mind about retiring from criminal practice, Foreman sat, stripped to his undershirt, on the edge of his Memphis hotel-room bed. There, he held court for fascinated newsmen and expounded his theories about the declining art of criminal-law practice. Most of today's young lawyers, he said, are much too gutless to take on criminal cases. "They are afraid to leave the library for fear they'll make a public ass of themselves in court." Perhaps it is because of this shortage of guts that Percy Foreman has recently had some second thoughts about retiring.

THE SUPREME COURT

Fundamental Choice

By ruling against the Government in a set of appeals last week, the Supreme Court imposed upon Government lawyers a fundamental choice for many future cases. A 5-to-3 majority of the Justices declared, in effect, that the Government must show an accused man the records of any illegal bugging or wiretapping made on his private con-

taste?



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versations, or on any talks that took place on his premises. Either that, or the Government must drop the prosecution altogether.

The appeals involved two men who were convicted of conspiring to transmit U.S. defense secrets to the Soviet Union—an American engineer named John Butenko and Igor Ivanov, a chauffeur for a Soviet trade agency in the U.S. In their cases, and another that involved a pair of extortionists, the Government's position was that the trial judge should decide what portions of the eavesdropping transcripts were "arguably relevant" to the trial. He would then turn over those portions—and only those—to the defense.

Avoiding the Issue. By giving all of the transcripts to the defense as a matter of right, Justice Department lawyers complained, the court ruling would jeopardize national security investigations. It is widely known that the U.S. Government taps phones in foreign embassies—and it rarely asks a court's permission. Other countries do the same to U.S. embassies abroad. But no one likes to own up to the practice. To reveal the records of such surveillance would be an embarrassing admission of spying. More important, because of the court's decision, the Government may decide not to prosecute, for it would not want a foreign power to know what it had learned through listening devices.

In arguing against each appeal, Government lawyers studiously avoided mention of the sensitive embassy issue. Justice Byron White, a former Deputy Attorney General who wrote the majority opinion, also made no mention of embassy bugging. White argued that the adversary system entitles the defendant to see all the records of improper eavesdropping, and if it seems worthwhile, to try to prove that the eavesdropping has "tainted" the Government's case. In a dissenting opinion, Justice Abe Fortas generally shared White's view. But on the other hand, Fortas said, the judge alone should be allowed to decide whether to turn over to the defense any portion of the record that the Government claims would, if disclosed, damage "national security interests."

Rare Step. As a result of the court's decision, the Government now expects a wave of appeals. Among the cases that some lawyers think may have to be dropped because they involved illegal eavesdropping are the convictions of Cassius Clay on draft-dodging charges and of Dr. Benjamin Spock on conspiracy charges. Even Teamster Boss Jimmy Hoffa, who is serving time for jury tampering, may be entitled to a new hearing.

Thus, the Government plans to take a rare step this week. It is preparing to petition the Supreme Court for a rehearing on the decision. At the very least, it is seeking to carve out an exception for national security cases, just as was proposed by Justice Fortas.



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EDUCATION

UNIVERSITY PRESIDENTS

Exit Methuselah

As a highly talented manager, John A. Hannah, 66, might well be running some huge corporation in Detroit or Pittsburgh. Instead, he has spent 27 years running Michigan State University in East Lansing—a record tenure that entitles him to bill himself as “the Methuselah of university presidents.” To admirers and critics, he has also come to symbolize that unique American institution, the land-grant college, of which M.S.U. founded in 1855, was the prototype. One of his admirers, President Nixon has now tapped Hannah to head the Agency for International Development—an appointment that should win swift Senate approval and please the 68 countries to which AID renders technical and economic assistance.

Hannah is an evangelist for land-grant colleges, which engineered the farm revolution and now boast that “the world is our campus.” His approach makes purists shudder. As they see it, M.S.U. is a big “service station” that fills up students with trade-school courses like Sewage Treatment or the Dynamics of Packaging. To Hannah, the criticism is almost a compliment: “The object of the land-grant tradition was not to de-emphasize scholarship but to emphasize its application.”

Under Hannah, M.S.U. has grown from a sleepy agricultural college of 6,390 students into a 5,000-acre “megaversity” with an enrollment of 42,541 and an annual budget of more than \$100 million. Critics point out that Hannah began building the reputation of M.S.U. by building a championship football team, and that the school’s free-wheeling recruiting tactics earned N.C.A.A. censure in 1964. They sometimes overlook the fact that Hannah has also succeeded in recruiting many bright young professors by paying some

of the highest beginning salaries of any Midwestern university.

A hulking, ruddy-faced Michigander with a gift for promotion, Hannah was born in Grand Rapids, the son of a Unitarian poultryman and an Irish Catholic schoolmarm. Himself an M.S.U.-trained (’23) poultry breeder, he became president of the International Baby Chick Association, supervised egg production for the NRA during the Depression. At 32, spurning an offer of \$18,000 a year from a Chicago food-packing firm, he returned to M.S.U. as his alma mater’s \$4,500-a-year business manager. He chose wisely. By 1941, he had married the president’s daughter and succeeded his father-in-law in the front office.

Pitchmanship. Hannah was frankly no scholar. “It was too late for me to become academically respectable,” he recalls, “but I did make a point of reading at least one book a week that I didn’t want to read.” A charismatic speaker, he also made a point of frequently outtalking the rival University of Michigan for state funds. His “academic pitchmanship,” as critics called it, soon turned M.S.U. into a vast complex of 85 departments offering 20 different degrees. Sometimes Hannah’s enterprise proved a bit embarrassing. Three years ago *Ramparts* magazine happily broke the news that an M.S.U. program for training South Viet Nam policemen had provided cover for CIA agents. Despite Hannah’s hustle, moreover, efforts to recruit seasoned academic stars have been largely unsuccessful. Even so, the university is now especially strong in such subjects as biophysics, sociology and psychology. This year M.S.U. boasts more Merit Scholars than any other campus in the country—684 compared with second-place Harvard’s 503.

Hannah will be no stranger in Washington, having served as adviser to the Point Four Program under Truman and as chairman of the U.S. Civil Rights

Commission under Eisenhower. Kennedy and Johnson. Hannah also pioneered in getting land-grant colleges to help raise food production in hungry nations abroad. M.S.U. itself has administered ten AID projects, including development of an agriculture college in Argentina and an M.S.U.-style university in Nigeria. Whatever cloistered scholars think of him, Hannah is obviously the kind of populist educator who yearns to make U.S. expertise serve those who need it.

EDUCATION ABROAD

Better Than Riots

Until recently, Brazilian students were prone to expend their youthful idealism on attacking their universities. Ironically, most of them ignored the nearby *favelas*, the big-city slums that cry out for reform. Instead, they seemed to spend the winter rioting, the summer on the beaches or touring Europe. All too many were privileged rebels without a cause—a familiar phenomenon at other universities throughout the world.

Now the Brazilian students are doing something constructive. Two years ago, astute government officials decided to yoke the students’ energies to the country’s biggest problem—developing its vast interior. Three-quarters of Brazil’s 85 million people live within 100 miles of the coast; the rest are scattered in pockets of poverty across thousands of miles of inaccessible jungle and remote highlands. The government’s solution was *Projeto Rondon* (named after Brazilian Explorer Candido Mariano da Silva Rondon), which takes student volunteers into Amazonia and the northeast territory for month-long “vacations” of unpaid toil among the area’s impoverished people.

The latest group has just returned, sunburned and weary, but enthusiastic about their accomplishments. Out in the bush, they applied their university skills to helping Indians and other backlanders who had never seen schools or doctors.



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much less census takers. The students told of treating one Indian who had amputated his own arm to avoid death by snake poison; others found a woman who had seen all of her 15 children die in infancy. In one remote village every inhabitant had leprosy.

Working in groups of up to twelve, the Rondônists gave medical help and teaching assistance, provided engineering expertise, formed cooperatives to make bricks and build roads. In 38 communities in the Jequitinhonha valley, the teams taught 52 hygiene courses, helped construct 300 septic tanks, pulled 30,000 teeth and administered vaccine shots to 150,000 persons. At an abandoned road-construction camp in north-central Brazil, one crew even started a

RAY HOLT



RONDÔNIST IN BRAZIL'S BACKLANDS
Rebels with a cause.

town called Vila Rondón that now boasts a new school and other municipal services for 5,000 people.

Convinced of the program's merit, the government recently decreed that Rondônists will be given preference in hiring for federal jobs in the interior. The students approve too: 15,000 applied for the 4,500 places this year, and one-fifth of the 1969 crew has signed up to return next year. Beyond its practical effects on the country's interior, *Projeto Rondón* is also reconciling many Brazilian students with their government, despite its dictatorial tendencies. For one thing, both sides now have a common purpose that rises above political passions. For another, the participants gain immense self-confidence, plus a knowledge of their country that few could acquire on their own. Sums up Oswaldo Deleuze Raymundo, a young Rondônist from Rio de Janeiro: "The young are proving that they want a dialogue to resolve the problems of Brazil. Dedicated students do not have time for street demonstrations."

How to kick crabgrass

Crabgrass gets to be a habit. It's an annual problem that's perennial. It drops millions of seeds in late summer and they sprout in late spring. The way to break the cycle is to use Halts Plus* now. It's what's called a pre-emergence control. It wipes out the crabgrass before you can even see it. And it feeds the good grass, too. Quick, simple, effective.

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Of this, more later.

In the meantime, keep watching B.F. Goodrich for new developments.



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Astrology: Fad and Phenomenon

EQUALLY mindful of his aged bones and exalted station, Berosus the High Priest slowly mounted the stone ramp that spiraled seven times around the great zigurat and brought him into the presence of the Beings. They blazed and glittered in the night sky above the sleeping city of Babylon far below—impeccably wheeling in the ancient celestial dance that contained the secrets of the future of the kingdom. The signs, he saw, were good. Zibhati was well advanced in the Way of Enlil, supported by glowing Ishtar, which favored success in arms. On the morrow, he would tell the king that the time was opportune to move against the Assyrians.

In the basement of the Shambala Bookstore on Berkeley's Telegraph Avenue near the university's campus, 20-year-old Sheila O'Neil looked up from her calculations on the chart before her and shook her head. "We'd better postpone the organization meeting until next week," she said. "Mercury's going into opposition with Saturn in the 3rd House, which will mean bad communicating. But next Tuesday all systems will be go."

Figures in the Ascendant

Berosus would have understood perfectly what Sheila was up to. Indeed, Sheila's astrological calculations would be one of the few things he would find familiar in the modern world after 50 centuries. It is one of the stranger facts about the contemporary U.S. that Babylon's mystic conceptions of the universe are being taken up seriously and semiseriously by the most scientifically sophisticated generation of young adults in history. Even the more occult arts of palmistry, numerology, fortunetelling and witchcraft—traditionally the twilight zone of the undereducated and overanxious—are catching on with youngsters. Bookshops that cater to the trend are crammed with graduate students and assistant professors.

Isn't astrology just a fad, and a rather absurd one at that? Certainly. But it is also something more. The numbers of Americans who have found astrology fun, or fascinating, or campy, or worthy of serious study, or a source of substitute faith, have turned the fad into a phenomenon. Astrologers insist that since their art is actually a science, its renaissance was foreordained. The world, they contend, is just entering the Aquarian Age. The movement of the vernal equinox westward at the rate of about 50 seconds a year is bringing it from 2,000 years in the zodiac's sign of Pisces—characterized by skepticism and disillusionment—to the next 2,000 in Aquarius, an airy sign that will influence the world toward aspiration and faith. The highly successful Broadway

musical *Hair*, which lists a staff astrologer in the program credits and includes another astrologer, Sally Eaton, in the cast, opens with the song:

When the moon is in the Seventh House

And Jupiter aligns with Mars
Then peace will guide the planets
And love will steer the stars.

Carroll Righter, the best-known and most successful of U.S. astrologers, puts it into a Christian context. "The Piscean Age," he says, "was an age of tears and sorrow, focused on the death of Christ. In 1904, we entered the Age of Aquarius, which will be an age of joy, of science and accomplishment, focused on the life of Christ." Righter is already counting his accomplishments and measuring his joy. The dean of America's public astrologers has a byline that is carried by 306 newspapers each weekday into some 30 million homes. He refuses to brag about his earnings, but they are obviously well into six figures, and in the ascendant.

Righter is only one of about 10,000 full-time and 175,000 part-time astrologers in the U.S. Moreover, like almost everything else, astrology is being computerized. A company called Time Pattern Research Institute, Inc. has programmed a computer to turn out 10,000-word horoscope readings in two minutes; it expects to be doing 10,000 a month by June.

The astrology boom is made up of many elements—including merchandising, show business and crass exploitation of people's credulity. Department stores across the U.S. are mounting astrological promotions. Woolworth's is pushing a full line of zodiacal highball and cocktail glasses and paper napkins. Bulls, goats, crabs and scorpions are beginning to embellish everything from children's clothes to writing paper; St. Crispin in Manhattan is offering its Park Avenue clientele "astronotes" for invitations. One Manhattan beauty parlor boasts a resident astrologer and twelve special hairdos, one for each sign of the zodiac. A perfume manufacturer is doing well with twelve zodiac scents.

Show business everywhere is dabbling in astrology and more or less related arts. Seeress Sybil Leek's *Diary of a Witch* is already in its second printing, though her alleged witchcraft seems mainly a device to distinguish her from such colleagues in the prophecy business as the redoubtable Jeane Dixon and British Seer Maurice Woodruff, who does his predicting on a syndicated TV show hosted by Robert Q. Lewis. To lend a little magic to public entertainments, Los Angeles enjoys the services of an official County Witch—a title conferred by the County Supervisor on



BIRDFEATHER IN MANHATTAN



MORRISON WITH VAN GOGH'S HOROSCOPE

KIYO & CLIENT IN CALIFORNIA



Mrs. Louise Huebner, a thirtyish "third-generation astrologer and sixth-generation witch." Sorceress Huebner, who affects clinging outfits of silver for her increasingly frequent broadcasts and public appearances, made her official debut last July at a folk festival in the Hollywood Bowl, at which everyone was supplied with red candles, garlic and chalk and instructed to repeat after her three times: "Light the flame, bright the fire, red the color of desire." The spell was supposed to increase sexual vitality, and some reported that it did.

The young, too, are exploiting the boom, although less cynically. A California rock group called The Fool has recorded several zodiacal songs—not because they believe only in as-

cult and Astrology Workshop. When the University of South Carolina recently offered Witchcraft as a non-credited voluntary course, an astounding 247 people signed up—though Professor Sidney Birnbaum expects many of them to drop out when they discover that he is going to teach only history of, not how to.

A how-to course in witchcraft, though, is offered by San Francisco's Heliopore Free University. At a recent lecture in the seamy Fillmore district of the city, the door was opened by the presiding witch—young and tall, with flowing golden hair, "I'm Witch Antaras Auriel," said the white-gowned figure softly. This barefoot witch clearly has magic, especially considering that Antaras Au-

"much more complex and sophisticated than present psychological maps or systems." Graduate Student Michael Katz led a weekly astrology class last semester as part of Stanford's introductory psychology course, and New York University recently invited Astrologer Shirley Spencer to lecture.

Predictive astrology, like divination and occultism generally, tends to take hold in times of confusion, uncertainty and the breakdown of religious belief. Astrologers and assorted sorcerers were busy in Rome while the empire was declining and prevalent throughout Europe during the great 17th century waves of plague. Today's young stargazers claim to be responding to a similar sense of disintegration and disenchantment. This fact disturbs social activists and reformers like crusading Yale Chaplain William Sloane Coffin, who fulminates: "The growing interest in astrology is a beautiful example of the lobotomized passivity that results from the alienating influence of modern technological society."

Marshall McLuhan, the noted medium, is far less pessimistic. "The current interest of youth in astrology, clairvoyance and the occult is no coincidence," he feels. "Psychic communal integration, made possible at last by the electronic media, could create the universality of consciousness foreseen by Dante when he predicted that men would continue as no more than broken fragments until they were unified into an inclusive consciousness. Mysticism is just tomorrow's science dreamed today."

Mercurial, Martial, Jovial

Preposterous as it may be, the astrology cult suggests a deep longing for some order in the universe—an order denied by modern science and philosophy. This is expressed by Danny Weiss, a 24-year-old partner in an astrologically hip music-recording outfit called Apostolic Studios, which is guided by top-ranking Astrologer Al Morrison, president of the Astrologers' Guild of America. Danny Weiss believes that the upturn in astrology is a result of "an awakening of religious consciousness. People have lost faith in their old beliefs," he says. But "if you believe in the order of the universe, then you'll believe in astrology because the order of the stars expresses that universal order."

The search for such order goes back to the beginnings of man. Notches cut in reindeer bones and mammoth tusks from the Upper Paleolithic period may be records of the cycles of the moon as much as 25,000 years ago. Modern astrology, in the Western Hemisphere at least, derives from the Chaldeans of the Babylonian Empire who sent Berossus and his fellow astronomers up the ziggurats to study the stars for clues to human destiny. The assumption was only natural. The influences of the sun on the earth and the moon on the seas



AURIEL RIDDING FAMILY OF "EVIL SPELL"

Responding to a sense of disintegration and disenchantment.

trology, but because they feel generally tuned in to the entire occult world (the Fool is the card in the fortunetelling Tarot deck that stands for Man). "This is a very brilliant generation," says Kiyo, a young half-Japanese astrologer who works mostly among pop groups and folk singers. "They're interested in astrology because they've found the material things failing them, and they're trying to find their souls." In Manhattan, one of the brightest young astrologers is 28-year-old Barbara Birdfeather, who is writing a column for *Eye* magazine and draws private clients from the under-30 set.

Spells for Love and Money

Along with pot and fascination with Eastern mysticism, astrology has made itself at home in the radical "free colleges" for dropouts that are being established across the country. California's Midpeninsula Free University, for instance, offers no fewer than five courses in the subject: Jungian Astrology, Advanced Astrology, Out of the Aquarium and Into the Aquarian, Occult Things and the New Age, and an Oc-

riel is a boy, born Dennis Bolling, 19 years ago in San Jose.

Beyond such folderol, astrology has been taken seriously by serious students. They believe that the ancient religion and superstition from which it springs are embedded in the unconscious of modern man. Psychiatrist Carl G. Jung referred to it as a "scientia intuitiva," and often had horoscopes cast for his patients. The idea was not to predict their futures but to call attention to elements that might or might not lie in their personalities. A horoscope showing excessive father-love and tendencies toward sadism, he realized, could be used to provoke talk, self-analysis and perhaps insight. "Today," wrote Jung, "rising out of the social depths, astrology knocks at the doors of the universities, from which it was banished some 300 years ago."

So—at the moment—it seems. Dr. Ralph Metzner, a psychologist with Stanford University's counseling and testing center, uses astrology in a quarter of his cases in the same way Jung did. He thinks that it will soon be "an adjunct to psychology and psychiatry," not because it is truer but because it is



The Candlelight shirt.

Let's see. The wine's chilled. The hi-fi's back from the shop. And you've even tipped the door man a buck to say, "Good evening, sir," instead of "Hi," when you

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Here's how
you can get it:

Aerial view of Little Hope and Big Hope Islands, latitude 15 degrees 45 minutes South, longitude 145 degrees 27 minutes East.

Submerged somewhere between them is a watertight case of Canadian Club. To reach it you'll have to navigate the treacherous waters of Australia's northeast coastline, many parts of which have not been charted since Captain James Cook discovered the Great Barrier Reef in 1770.



WHICH WAY DOES YOUR WIFE CLEAN HER OVEN?

With elbow grease and drudgery?

Or simply by pressing a button?

The self-cleaning oven has come on strong, in both gas and electric models. Both use high heat to burn off the residues. Yes, the self-cleaning oven does cost a bit more. But is this the place to pinch pennies?

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BETHLEHEM STEEL



were obvious, and it was easy to suppose that those other bright deities, the planets—which seemed to be advancing, receding, moving up and down and backward among the fixed stars—should be concerned with wars and governments and the destinies of men on earth.

The characteristics of some of these planet-gods, which were thought to be actual superbeings, could be inferred from their appearance and movement. Mars' bloody color made it the martial god of war; Mercury's quick motion near the sun gave it a nervous, mercurial quality; big, bright Jupiter suggested power, success and the joviality that goes with them; bright-burning Venus, seen so often in the beauty of evening, suggested love.

The origin of the constellations of the zodiac is more problematic. Their

the earth was the center of the universe, fixed and unmoving. When the earth's actual motion, relative to the motion of the rest of the planets, made the others seem to slow down or reverse direction (retrograde), the gods were thought to be irritated and therefore "malefic." The sun is said to "rejoice" in Leo (July 23-Aug. 22) because it is summer and because the king of beasts resembles him in splendor and strength. The sun is "exalted" in Aries (March 21-April 19) because Aries is a fiery sign associated with the coming of spring. For corresponding reasons the sun is said to be "in exile" in autumnal Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23) and "in his fall" in winter's Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19). The other planets (in astrology the sun is treated as a planet of the earth) exhibit similar fluctuations of temperament, though for less obvious reasons.

Other astrologies developed among stargazers in China, India and what were to become the Americas; the Babylonians' system moved, with many modifications and name changes, to Egypt, Greece, Rome—and eventually to Christian Europe. The New Testament's Wise Men from the East were, of course, astrologers who had discerned a convergence of planets in the heavens that signified the birth of the Messiah. In the second century A.D., the Greek astronomer, Ptolemy, codified astrological tradition in his *Tetrabiblos*, which is the source book for all modern astrologers.

Caruso, Pickford, Mr. X

Condemned by the church, astrology lay dormant during the Middle Ages, flowered in the Renaissance—when Nostradamus worked for Catherine de Medici—and receded almost to the vanishing point with the Age of Reason and the advance of science during the 19th century. So it was that in the 1890s, when a Boston girl named Evangeline Adams began studying the subject, it seemed a very strange preoccupation indeed.

Evangeline's horoscope told her to move to New York City in mid-March 1899, and she arrived just in time. She put up at the Windsor Hotel on March 16, and that very evening consulted the stars of the hotel's proprietor, Warren F. Leland. As she wrote later, she hastened to warn him that he "was under one of the worst possible combinations of planets—conditions terrifying in their unfriendliness." The next day the hotel burned to the ground, and Leland's daughter and other members of his family perished in the fire. Leland told the newspapers about the prediction, and Evangeline's success was assured.

So, too, under this potent lady's influence, was the success of astrology in the U.S. To Miss Adams' studio above Carnegie Hall came the rich and respectable—King Edward VII (Scorpio), Enrico Caruso (Pisces), Mary Pickford

(Aries). Steel Tycoon Charles Schwab (Aquarius), J.P. Morgan (Aries). Morgan, in fact, is said to have become quite interested in what she had to say about the effect of the planets on stocks and bonds. Not the least of Miss Adams' achievements in behalf of her art was raising astrology from the status of fortunetelling, illegal in New York State. Hated into court as a fortuneteller, she gave so accurate a reading of the natal horoscope of an unknown "Mr. X" (who turned out to be the judge's son) that the judge ruled she had "raised astrology to the dignity of an exact science." In 1930—two years before her self-predicted death—she began a thrice-weekly radio program that brought in letters and requests for horoscopes at the rate of 4,000 a day.

Another thing Evangeline Adams did



OMARR AT HOME IN LOS ANGELES
Example of lobotomized passivity?

number, twelve, is obviously an approximation of the number of moon cycles in a year, and the system probably began as a way of measuring time and relating it to agriculture. But how the twelve signs came to be identified with specific creatures (the Greek word *zōdiakos* means "pertaining to animals") is obscure. Only two of the zodiacal signs bear any visible relation to actual arrangements of stars in the sky. One is Gemini (the Twins), which consists of two principal bright stars (Castor and Pollux) of almost equal magnitude. The other is Scorpio, with a grouping of 15 stars reminiscent of the stinging tail of that dangerous insect, common in the Middle East.

Planet means "wanderer" in Greek, and as these gods wandered through the narrow belt of the zodiac, they exhibited changes of mood that are still important elements in the astrology of today. The ancients were convinced that



RIGHTER & CLIENT CUMMINGS
Or tomorrow's science dreamed today?

for U.S. astrology was to convince a young, wellborn Philadelphian named Carroll Righter that he ought to be an astrologer. As a friend of his family, she met him first at 14, found out his birth time ("I'm a gregarious Aquarius," he archly rhymes), and informed him repeatedly that his chart was perfect for interpreting the stars—"just like mine."

But young Carroll, the second of four sons in a proper Philadelphia family, went on from the University of Pennsylvania to take a law degree at Dickinson School of Law and work for a year in a large Philadelphia firm. When he found law incompatible, he turned to civic projects—the Robin Hood Dell concerts, the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company—and when the Depression struck, helped feed, clothe and house Philadelphia's unemployed. Under Miss Adams' influence Carroll had been trying his hand at horoscopes, and now he began to do them for the unem-

ployed. He was impressed, he says, at how often the special ability indicated by a man's stars were useful in landing him a job.

When, owing to complications from an old back injury, doctors gave him six months to live, Righter looked at his own horoscope and found he had "physical protection in the Southwest." He moved to Los Angeles, and "in a year I could dance." His amateur astrology proved to be so popular among the movie crowd that he turned professional in 1939. In the 30 years since then, a constellation of Hollywood stars have been his clients, and his rooms are crammed with photographs of the likes of Marlene Dietrich, Susan Hayward, Robert Cummings, Tyrone Power, Van Johnson, Ronald Colman, Peter Lawford and Ronald Reagan. To news-men's repeated queries as to whether he is using astrology to run California, Governor Reagan replies that he is no more interested in the subject than the average man.

Some of Righter's clients have tended toward fanaticism: Director William Dieterle insisted on starting the shooting for one movie on a certain date, even though it had not been cast by that time. For the most part, like many astrologers, Righter does his best to couch everything—even the unpleasant—in positive terms. "If I find a strong indication, say, that someone is going to lose his job, I say: 'You know, nothing in life is certain. This is a period of change. Your chart shows that you have some interesting new beginnings, and if I were you I'd prepare for them.'" He also tries to discourage what Client Robert Cummings calls "astrological hypochondria." Says Righter: "If all they want to know is what color suit or dress to wear, I cut them off, and I just won't talk to them again until they straighten out."

How does Righter help them, once they have straightened out? "Suppose you're an actor and you're offered three different scripts at once. How do you make a choice via astrology? It isn't difficult; you look at the aspects. If you have a beautiful Venus aspect, I tell you to take the romantic part. If you have a Mars and Saturn aspect, I tell you to take the part in which there is a lot of fighting and bloodshed."

Remember Me to Aries

Now 69, Righter does not often leave his spacious, high-columned Hollywood house near Grauman's Chinese Theater. Though his 6-ft. frame is trim, he has the colorless, puffy look of one who does not often go into the sun. Less frequent are the big slurrily parties, complete with animal when appropriate, with which he used to greet the beginning of a new zodiacal sign. For the most part, he stays home, attended by a butler ("Mr. Libra") and a cook ("Miss Virgo"), and works with four secretaries and a mathematician. "I don't like to go out," he says, "because I would hate

to miss a call from someone who wanted my help."

The phone rings constantly, and Righter—who has never bothered with people's names—spends much of his time in a soft-voiced swivel of "Oh, Moonchild, I'm happy to tell you that this is a very good day for you." "Hello, Taurus. Yes, sign the contracts day after tomorrow, not before." "Well, Capricorn, I've been expecting your call. I'm pleased that it worked out well, but I'm not surprised. Remember me to Aries." At night he keeps a file of his principal clients' charts by his bed for ready consultation at 2:30 a.m. when an actor calls up from Hong Kong—as one did recently—to ask him when the ankle he twisted on the set was going to get better. Righter plainly loves this kind of doctor-patient relationship; he has never married, and much of his affective life is lived through his clients. "If I don't get called late at night," he says, "I sometimes toss and turn and wonder what's happened to everybody. I like to feel not needed."

Substitute for the Bearded Man

When he is not working up charts for clients—for which he charges, like some doctors, according to ability to pay—Righter is dictating the newspaper columns and potholders that constitute the real financial base of the astrology business. These include *Carroll Righter's Astrological Forecast*, a six-page printed sheet for each sign of the zodiac giving a brief, ambiguous tip-off on what to expect for every day of a given month (\$1 a copy, \$10 by the year). Next month P. G. Putnam's Sons will publish his *Astrological Guide to Marriage and Family Relationships*. In the works: *Astrological Guide to Business and Finance*.

At its worst, Righter's kind of advice is banality; at its best, it is a little common sense, with an overlay of zodiacal lingo. This is not to say that it is cynical; Righter and most practicing astrologers believe with complete seriousness in what they are doing, and their experience in dealing with human problems gives what they say some validity. In fact, two Northwestern University psychology professors, Lee Sechrest and James H. Bryan, reported in a recent issue of the social-science monthly, *Trans-action*, that they found the mail-order marriage counseling of 18 sample astrologers generally valid and useful.

The same cannot be said, though, for the newspaper and magazine columns that have proved so popular. Righter's is the Leo's share of that questionable market, but it is only a share. He has some 17 rival newspaper astrologers. Outstanding among the competition is Sydney Omarr (225 papers), a highly intelligent younger astrologer

* Cancers were renamed Moonchildren by Righter about ten years ago to dissociate the sign from the disease; Cancer's most influential planet is the moon.

SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC

Sun positions for 1969-70



ARIES—The Ram, Mar. 21-Apr. 19

(Governs the head)

Mars, Pluto—rules of the 1st house

Positive:
Negative:
Career:

Enterprising, incisive, spontaneous
Impatient, impetuous
Pioneer, architect, soldier



TAURUS—The Bull, Apr. 20-May 20

(Governs the neck)

Venus—rules of the 2nd house

Positive:
Negative:
Career:

Determined, practical, hardheaded
Materialistic, pigheaded, self-indulgent
Builder, producer



GEMINI—The Twins, May 21-June 21

(Governs the arms and lungs)

Mercury—rules of the 3rd house

Positive:
Negative:
Career:

Mentally energetic, versatile, artistic, witty
Tickle, dilettante
Thinker, writer, artist



CANCER—The Crab, June 22-July 22

(Governs the chest and stomach)

Moon—rules of the 4th house

Positive:
Negative:
Career:

Tenacious, patient, sensitive, persuasive
Moody, unforgiving
Teacher, salesman



LEO—The Lion, July 23-Aug. 22

(Governs the heart)

Sun—rules of the 5th house

Positive:
Negative:
Career:

Proud, magnanimous, self-aware
Egotistical, violent
Leader, politician, entertainer



VIRGO—The Virgin, Aug. 23-Sept. 22

(Governs the bowels)

Mercury—rules of the 6th house

Positive:
Negative:
Career:

Discriminating, serving, methodical
Nagging, quarrelsome
Critic, craftsman



LIBRA—The Scales, Sept. 23-Oct. 23

(Governs the kidneys and buttocks)

Venus—rules of the 7th house

Positive:
Negative:
Career:

Balanced, alert, diplomatic, just
Indecisive, indiscriminating, lazy
Statesman, manager, judge



SCORPIO—The Scorpion, Oct. 24-Nov. 21

(Governs the sex organs)

Mars, Pluto—rules of the 8th house

Positive:
Negative:
Career:

Intense, emotional, staminal, shrewd
Obscure, medicine
Investigator, doctor, mystic



SAGITTARIUS—The Archer, Nov. 22-Dec. 21

(Governs the thighs)

Jupiter—rules of the 9th house

Positive:
Negative:
Career:

Aspiring, curious, nature-loving, athletic
Discouraged, lacks focus
Lawyer, publisher, traveler



CAPRICORN—The Goat, Dec. 22-Jan. 19

(Governs the knees)

Saturn—rules of the 10th house

Positive:
Negative:
Career:

Steadfast, reserved, traditional, ambitious
Snobbish, unscrupulous, selfish
Ambassador, ruler, organizer, religious



AQUARIUS—The Waterman, Jan. 20-Feb. 18

(Governs the legs and ankles)

Saturn, Uranus—rules of the 11th house

Positive:
Negative:
Career:

Humanitarian, unbiased
Rebellious, suspicious, inefficient
Philosopher, scientist



PISCES—The Fishes, Feb. 19-Mar. 20

(Governs the feet)

Jupiter, Neptune—rules of the 12th house

Positive:
Negative:
Career:

Compassionate, psychic, sacrificing
Hyper-sensitive, melancholic, drifting
Poet, actor, interpreter, comedian

PRESIDENT NIXON'S HOROSCOPE

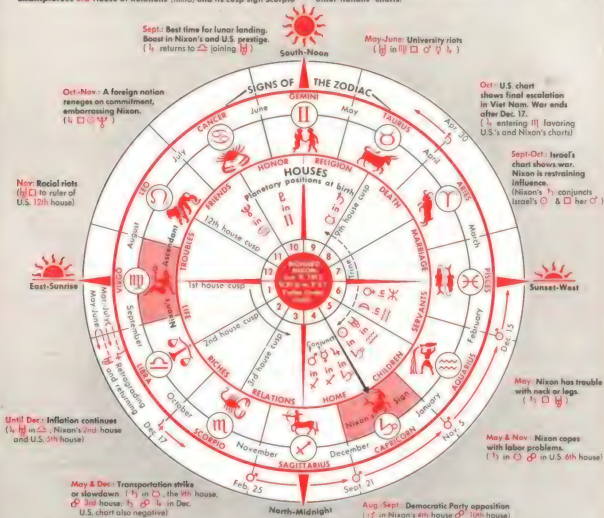
How to read the Chart: The outer circle shows the 12 Signs of the Zodiac (sun signs) which are described in box at left. The inner circle shows the 12 Houses and planets' positions at Nixon's birth. Houses and planets are described in boxes at bottom. Nixon's personality is supposedly determined by his sun sign, Capricorn, and his ascendant sign, Virgo. The astrologer reads Nixon's traits by noting the positions of planets in signs and houses, which planets rule each house and sign, and whether planets are conjunct, in opposition, trine or square.

Example: See 2nd House of Riches (money) and its cusp sign Libra (balanced). Interpretation: Nixon has sound financial judgment.

Example: See 3rd House of Relations (mind) and its cusp sign Scorpio

(shrewd). Mars ♂, ruler of Scorpio, conjuncts Mercury ♀ (reasons), ruler of 3rd house. Interpretation: Nixon has a shrewd, reasoning mind. **Example:** See 9th House of Religion (aspirations) and its cusp sign Taurus (determined). Saturn ♄ (disciplines) is trine to Sun ☉, ruler of 12th House of Troubles (limitations). Interpretation: Highest aspiration (the Presidency) realized through determination and discipline, which overcame limitations.

1969 Predictions: Overtest ring on Horoscope shows some 1969 planetary positions. Their movements are basis for predictions. Reason for each prediction is shown in parentheses and involves the U.S. and other nations' charts.



HOUSES

- 1 LIFE**—Natural tendencies and temperament, appearance
- 2 RICHES**—Money, possessions, resources
- 3 RELATIONS**—Mind, communication, media, education, short trips
- 4 HOME**—Inherited tendencies and rights, endings, opposition party
- 5 CHILDREN**—Youth, pleasures, love, morals, creativity, speculation
- 6 SERVANTS**—Health, employees, work methods, labor relations
- 7 MARRIAGE**—Partners, international and public relations, open enemies
- 8 DEATH**—Legacies, opponent's strength, partner's finances
- 9 RELIGION**—Aspirations, law, philosophy, universities, long trips
- 10 HONOR**—Profession, success, fame, national prestige
- 11 FRIENDS**—Hopes, humanitarianism, group endeavors
- 12 TROUBLES**—Suffering, crime, limitations, secret enemies

PLANETARY SYMBOLS

- SUN**—Vitalizes, empowers
 - MOON**—Affects moods and desires
 - MERCURY**—Reasons, clarifies
 - VENUS**—Beautifies, extracts, harmonizes
 - MARS**—Activates, aggresses, wars
 - JUPITER**—Blesses, increases, expands, nurtures, disciplines
 - URANUS**—Startles, illuminates, shatters
 - NEPTUNE**—Obscures, deceives, sympathizes
 - PLUTO**—Transforms, upheaves, violates
- ♄ ☐ 180° difference—Opposition—Two planets
♄ ☐ 120° difference—Trine—Positive aspect
♄ ☐ 90° difference—Square—Negative aspect

who has given up most of his private practice to devote himself to writing and promoting the cause. Omarr, 42, a former news editor for CBS radio and the most skillful and sober public protagonist astrology has, is interested in aligning the antique art with the modern disciplines of psychology and space science. Then there is Constella (100 papers), a cheerful, overweight 72-year-old New Englander (Shirley Spencer) who started writing a graphology column for the *Daily News* in 1935, but switched to the stars nearly 20 years ago. She feels that many of astrology's new converts are refugees from religion: "We're afraid to say no, no, no to the bearded man upstairs before we have a substitute."

Zolar, a New York astrologer, does not write a newspaper column but profits amply from every other form of astrological activity. A former clothing salesman named Bruce King, he turned to astrology during the Depression, when he learned that a certain Professor Seward had amassed a fortune peddling horoscopes on the Atlantic City boardwalk. Now 72, he supervises the distribution of more than 50 zodiacal and occult items and books all over the world. Zolar horoscopes range from \$200 for a personal one down to \$25 for a stock-market forecast in a plain envelope (ten choices on the New York and American exchanges), \$15 for an overall look at next year and \$10 for a natal chart. He is now looking for a buyer for his name and business.

Variables and Options

Faithful followers do well to stick to one mail-order magus at a time if they would avoid schizoid tendencies. Often, different astrologers will give different readings of the same chart. It is hard to see what solace or stimulation can be gleaned from the columns' redundant injunctions to "Avoid troublesome people" and "Try to get along with higher-ups." Last week the inane appropriateness of Jeanne Dixon's March 10 message for Gemini was good for a laugh when Mission Control Center relayed it to Astronauts McDivitt and Scott (both Geminis) in Apollo 9. The sage advice: "Don't get into any disagreements today, and group activity is preferable tonight." But somebody out there is gobbling up this kind of thing; astrology columns now run in some 1,200 of the 1,750 dailies in the U.S.

Astrologers who publish mere sun-sign generalities earn the scorn of their less commercial (or less successful) brethren, who limit themselves to charting and interpreting individual horoscopes. The simplest horoscope is the natal chart, which depicts the solar system at the precise moment of the person's (or country's or corporation's) birth. Just as important as the sign the sun is in can be the sign of the zodiac that was rising ("ascending") in the east at the exact time and place of birth.

These, and the positions of all the other planets, must be recorded on a standard chart like the one on which the horoscope of President Nixon was cast (see chart).

All charts, like Nixon's, consist of two parts: 1) an outer ring showing the location of the signs of the zodiac at the time of birth, and 2) an inner pie chart, divided by "cusps" into twelve "Houses," each representing a different aspect of earthly life. The positions of the signs of the zodiac, and the planets among them, affect the Houses below. Even the angles between the planets are significant. The characteristics of the planets strongly affect each other when they are in "conjunction" (only 10° or so apart). Their good characteristics strongly reinforce each other



EVANGELINE ADAMS (c. 1910)
Renascence foreordained.

when they are "trine" (120° apart) and reinforce each other less strongly when they are "sextile" (60° apart). They represent an obstacle to overcome when they are "square" (90° apart) and possible disaster when two "malefic" planets are in "opposition" (180° apart, at opposite sides of the circle). Even these factors are just a few of the hundreds that can enter into an astrologer's interpretation of the chart.

Language Inaudible to Man

It is the interpretation of a given chart that determines whether an astrologer is adjudged good, mediocre or bad. And it is here that astrology's scientific pretensions are tested, and fail. If astrology works in any way other than intuition on one side and faith plus hope on the other, the key question for modern man is "How?" The how of things seldom bothered the Babylonians, for whom a mountain might fly through the air or the sun stand

still. Later it was assumed that some kind of emanations issued from heavenly bodies to affect the characters and destinies of men. When scientists found no emanations powerful enough, sophisticated astrologers abandoned causality altogether and eagerly embraced Jung's theory of "synchronicity"—that everything in the universe at any given moment participates through that moment with everything else that shares the same unit of time.

These days, though, the emanations may be staging a comeback. Some astrology apologists point to the fact that experimental oysters transported from Long Island Sound to Evanston, Ill., and shielded from light and temperature change, gradually altered their rhythm of opening and closing from the tidal cycle of Long Island to what it would have been in Evanston—if Evanston had had a tide. Apparently, the moon was communicating with the oysters in some language as yet inaudible to man. Japanese Dr. Maki Takata found that the composition of human blood changes in relation to the eleven-year sunspot cycle, to solar flares and sunrise, and during eclipses. French Science Writer Michel Gauguelin foresees a new science of astrobiology, which could vindicate the intuited conclusion of the ancients that extraterrestrial forces affect human life, and at the same time explode the anachronistic conglomeration of myth and magic cluttering up modern astrology.

Lucky Break?

In the meantime, astrologers must continue to uphold the fancy that particular planets influence particular facets of human personality or specific events. Even under these ground rules, there are so many variables and options to play with that the astrologer is always right. Break a leg when your astrologer told you the signs were good, and he can congratulate you on escaping what might have happened had the signs been bad. Conversely, if you go against the signs and nothing happens, the astrologer can insist that you were subconsciously careful because you were forewarned.

Sensitivity, intuition and maybe even clairvoyance make the difference between such tomfoolery and "good" astrology. The good astrologer senses the mood of his client, perceives his problems and finds the most positive way of fitting them into the context of the horoscope. Then he looks ahead, shaping predictions so that they amount to constructive counsel. The client might have been better advised to consult a psychiatrist, marriage counselor, physician, lawyer or employment agency. But there are many troubled people who refuse to accept personal responsibility for their lives, insisting that some outer force is in control. For these, a first-class astrologer can seem a necessity—and perhaps he is.

Sometimes when a man has worked very hard
and succeeded, he enjoys ordering things just because they're expensive.



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Here comes the irony. With all that's invisible, Grand Prix's styling is undoubtedly the most noticed (and liked) on the road. Even the chrome buffs are starting to break away.



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Break Away in a



Wide-Track Grand Prix

TELEVISION

PROGRAMMING

Telling It Like It Isn't

The TV teen-ager used to be that nice adolescent next door, witness Sheila James in the *Stu Erwin Show*, Billy Gray in *Father Knows Best*, and Tony Dow in *Leave It to Beaver*. The neo-Penrod type was stereotyped by Ricky Nelson, who grew into and out of adolescence before the entire nation on *The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet*.

Now, despite a few holdouts (*My Three Sons*, *Family Affair*), kids on TV are pretty rotten. To Officer Pete Malloy of *Adam-12*, for example, a youth is the bearded hippie who shot Methedrine with his teen-age girl and accidentally gave her hepatitis with a dirty needle. The *Hawaii Five-O* vice squad chased down a sinister guru who was freaking out vacuous young blondes on LSD. *The Name of the Game* recently had Gene Barry playing a magazine publisher kidnapped by a group of young radicals who planned to kill themselves at an Army chemical-warfare test site. It soon became clear that the pacifists were actually dupes of a young hippie-style Svengali, who had talked the others into a mass suicide because of his own hatred of society. Even *Judd for the Defense*, which has sympathized with alcoholics and black militants, doesn't always dig kids. A show last month presented high school lads who were so hopelessly hung up on pot that they were framing fellow students and perjurying themselves to get even with police informers.

Hip Argot. One of the few series that consistently take the attitude that contemporary kids can be heroes is ABC's *The Mod Squad* (Tuesday, 7:30 p.m.). The hour-long show features three youngsters; a miniskirted blonde (Peggy Lipton), a disenchanted rich white boy (Michael Cole), and an angry young black (Clarence Williams III). All three are credible individuals despite the hip argot, heavily littered with "solids" and "uptights," and frequently incredible plots. The show has been successful enough to be carried over into next season, even though the three are not likely to win universal favor among their peers: they work as undercover agents for the local police.

Mod Squad Executive Producer Aaron Spelling is 46 and a veteran of such old standards as *Playhouse 90* and *The Zane Grey Theater*. Now his language is so hip it hurts. "We're telling it like it is," he says. "Somebody has to help adults understand young people. They've got so many hang-ups, and nobody seems to care. Love is the an-



MOD SQUADDERS LIPTON, COLE & WILLIAMS

Kids can be heroes.

swer. Those hippies are right. The kids are so totally involved with life they've involved me."

The members of the *Mod Squad* are not so sanguine. "Three kids working for the cops like that, it's not what you'd call realistic," says Williams, 28, who was among the first actors to adopt Afro-style hair and dress. "It's just entertainment. Every time you set out to say something significant on TV, it gets chopped down. I don't say 'Hey, man, this is what's happening, baby: you gotta write it this way.' I'm just a lowly actor doing his job." Cole, whose first leading role was on the show, agrees: "If we can have a little soul scene among ourselves that can generate a little understanding, that's fine. But we're not trying to point up social problems, because that would be phony."

Man Tan Line. Though they do not lug revolvers and they frequently debate quitting the force, the *Mod Squadders* are in fact good TV cops. When they catch a criminal, usually after a long chase, they beat him up as thoroughly as do the toughest TV heroes. Nor is the series always soft on hippies. In one episode, the *Modders* go to the aid of an underground paper only to discover that the scheming hippie editor had bombed and wrecked the paper himself to attract publicity and expose "police indifference." Still, the actors try for a modicum of realism. When one script called for Williams to crack "Don't worry about me; they can't see me in the dark," he barked back at the director: "You don't really want me to say that of Man Tan line, do you?" He didn't.

TV's rage for relevance often seems to induce the opposite effect: the more programs strive to be with it, the farther they veer from recognizable life. The view of youth as a vast criminal con-

spiracy relieved only by *Mod Squad's* undercover trio is hardly building bridges over the generation gap. Yet TV seems content to maintain the myth—until a new one comes along.

CENSORSHIP

The Brothers' Troubles

Next to impersonations of Ed Sullivan, perhaps the most predictable feature of network television in recent years has been the outburst of yet another feud between the *Smothers Brothers* and the men in CBS's program-practices division. Otherwise known as censors, these men regularly delete what they consider to be the most offensive cracks from the Sunday evening *Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour*. With equal regularity, the brothers threaten to quit. Last week, after a prolonged dispute over several parts of the March 9 program, CBS bounced the entire show and substituted a two-month-old rerun. The network claimed that the problem was not controversial content but the fact that the tape had not been presented in time for a Friday screening for affiliated stations.

Producer Tommy Smothers vowed that unless CBS eased up on censorship, he and Dickie would leave the network—only this time the boys sounded serious. Tommy maintains that CBS deliberately harassed him by requesting so many rereuntings of the show that it could not possibly have been completed on schedule; the censors, he claims, demanded that several lines be snipped as late as 2 p.m. on Friday, only 20 minutes before the closed-circuit broadcast. "We are not crying wolf," says Tommy, as usual speaking Dickie's mind as well as his own. "We have threatened to give up the show before, but we won concessions and decided to

* Rick, now almost 29, was married six years ago and has three children. He is currently making singing appearances on the nightclub circuit.

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They'd rather switch than fight.

stick with it. But if the network doesn't budge this time, we're through."

Once formidable enough to blast *Bonanza* from its No. 1 Sunday perch, the Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour has recently drifted as low as 47th on the Nielsen charts. Though NBC's front-running *Laugh-In* continues to get outspoken and risqué material past its own censors, the Smothers say that often they are required to snip even the mildest material. On the disputed program, for example, Folk Singer Joan Baez dedicated a song to her husband, a convicted draft resister, with the preface: "He is going to prison for three years. The reason is that he resisted selective service and the draft and militarism in general." The second sentence was cut. Also deleted were such soporific bits as Comic Jackie Mason's gag about children playing doctor. There really must be something to the game, Mason said, because "Did you ever hear of a kid playing accountant—even if he wanted to become one?"

At week's end, CBS confirmed that it plans to go ahead with the Smothers show in the fall season. The network will most likely yield to some of Tommy's complaints, especially since Tommy insists that he would rather quit than fight the censors. "I'm speaking up because there's something greater than my feelings involved here. CBS opened the door for us to do this kind of show, and now it looks like they're trying to close it. If they are renewing us, it's not because they want us, but because if they don't, we might go to another network and come back to haunt them." That may be, but even before the censors started snip-snipping, some viewers thought the Smothers Brothers' once excellent program was becoming a ghost of its former self.



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RELIGION

THE VATICAN

Defector in the Household

Among more than one hundred prelates in the papal household, Monsignor Giovanni Musante, 53, was one of the elite. A staunch theological conservative, he had worked loyally for more than a decade in the vicariate of Rome, which governs the Pope's own diocese, and was a member of the Vatican's liturgical commission; a year ago, on the occasion of his 25th anniversary to the priesthood, Musante was given a title reserved for the privileged few: chaplain to the Pope. Last week the Vatican reluctantly admitted that Monsignor Musante had gone the way of so many of his fellow priests these days: after five months of consideration, Pope Paul VI had granted him permission to leave the priesthood and marry.

Rome reacted almost as if the Pope himself had run off with Gina Lolobrigida. The respected Roman daily *Il Messaggero* wondered ungallantly (and, as it turned out, incorrectly) whether the priest's prospective bride might be pregnant. Priests in the vicariate clucked disapprovingly about Musante's strange behavior these past few months. "Many of us were convinced," said one primly, "that Monsignor Musante was a sick man. Recently he didn't seem himself at all. Perhaps he was the victim of some form of sexual delirium." The most notable change in Musante: he recently went on a diet, lost as much as 60 lbs. from his portly frame.

The news of Musante's decision was clearly an embarrassment to the Pope. Obviously, a defection within his own household would make it all the harder for Paul to insist on the importance of

priestly celibacy, which he defended against mounting criticism in a 1967 encyclical and has reiterated frequently since. Vatican press officials clamped a tight if belated lid on the story, brusquely denying the rumor that a Roman archbishop might perform the marriage ceremony. But before the week was out, church officials were forced to admit that two years ago, another high-ranking priest, the rector of a Jesuit college in Rome, had similarly been released from his vows by the Pope to marry.

As for the subject of all the buzz, he kept out of sight for 48 hours, then turned up in Rome with his wife-to-be. She is Giovanna Carlevaro, an attractive woman of 38, whom he met at a friend's house last November. They will be married "soon," said Musante, but the exact time and place is secret. What his new occupation will be, Musante does not yet know. "In case of need, I would not hesitate at manual labor."

THEOLOGY

The Sin of Everyman

*Of man's first disobedience, and
the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal
taste
Brought death into the world, and
all our woe,
With loss of Eden.*

—John Milton, *Paradise Lost*

Everyone knows about the sin of Adam and Eve, and for 1,500 years Christian theology has proclaimed its consequences. As an offense against God by man's first parents, it made every man an automatic sinner, born without sanctifying grace. It took away, too, the gifts that had accompanied grace: the idyllic paradise that was Eden; the freedom from pain, from suffering, and from death. Because of it, all men became subject more to their passions than to their reason, more prone to evil than to good. It was, in short, "original sin."

Like many another basic Christian doctrine—the virgin birth, the divinity of Christ, the existence of heaven and hell—the traditional concept of original sin is currently undergoing more serious and skeptical scrutiny than ever before. Liberal Protestants began their criticism in the last century; now many Catholic thinkers are also challenging the doctrine. One of the latest broadsides is the work of the Rev. Herbert Haag, a Catholic Biblical scholar at the University of Tübingen in Germany. In his new book, called *Is Original Sin in Scripture?* (Sheed & Ward; \$3.95), Haag argues that there is no Biblical basis for the doctrine.

Woefully Evil. Original sin, says Haag, did not begin to excite widespread theological interest among early Chris-



ADAM & EVE (BY REMBRANDT)

Not as a stigma but as a statement.

tians until at least the 3rd century. And not until the 5th century—when St. Augustine formulated the doctrine fully and invented the name "original sin"—did it become a basic part of church doctrine. For Augustine, as for many theologians since, the idea of a primordial sin helped explain one of religion's oldest mysteries: the existence of evil in a world supposedly created by a good God. In his pessimistic view, man was himself the culprit, woefully evil because his soul was imprisoned in an utterly fallen body, incapable of good unless drawn to it by the grace of Christ. In answer to the British monk Pelagius, who preached that man could save himself by good works without the initial prodding of grace, Augustine hurled his reply: Humanity had inherited the curse of Adam's sin. Without the grace of Christ's redemption, men were damned.

The proof, Augustine argued, was in two Scriptural passages: the first three chapters of *Genesis* and the fifth chapter of St. Paul's *Epistle to the Romans*. To Augustine, the story of the creation and fall in the *Genesis* chapters was literal history, the doleful record of man's disobedience to God and the dread results of that sin for his progeny. Paul's *Epistle*, holding forth the redeeming grace of Christ as an antidote, reinforced his interpretation: in the Latin Vulgate, as Augustine read it, Paul's meaning was clear: it was Adam "in whom all have sinned."

Augustine's doctrine proved durable. For John Calvin, Adam's fall "perverted the whole order of nature in heaven and on earth." To Martin Luther, man was *simul justus et peccator*—a sinner



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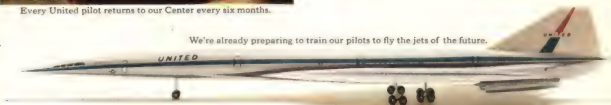


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savable by God's grace received through faith alone. The 16th century Council of Trent re-endorsed Augustine's attack on Pelagianism for the Counter-Reformation Catholic Church. And only last year, Pope Paul rephrased the traditional understanding of original sin as part of his modern creed.

No Sense. Nonetheless, it is the common opinion of theologians that the Augustinian version of original sin makes no sense today. For one thing, evolution suggests that *Homo sapiens* is descended not from one set of parents but from many, thus making a literal Adam and Eve quite unlikely. For another, Biblical scholars agree that the story of man's fall in *Genesis* is not history but myth—a story that points to the basic truth of evil in the world but says nothing about the inheritance of sin. Augustine even read St. Paul wrong; the correct translation of the passage in *Romans* was not "in whom all have sinned" as the Vulgate had it, but, as the original Greek correctly phrased it, "because all have sinned."

What, then, remains of the traditional doctrine? "The term original sin," University of Chicago Theologian Joseph Sittler says, "remains as a kind of pail which we've drained of the old literal statements and refilled with quite new interpretations. The doctrine meant to point to the gravity, the universality, and the demonic results of evil. And the language was a way of stating this. But we no longer buy the old notion of biological transmission or try to have a system of inheritance. The notion of 'original' means profound—trans-individual, way back and deep down. The analogy of evil has changed, but the reality hasn't lessened."

Innate Indifference. Original sin, in contemporary interpretations, is thus seen not as a stigma inherited from Adam but as a statement of the human condition—an idea that most Catholic revisionists defend as being well within the spirit of church teaching. Jesuit Henri Rondet, for example, says that original sin is "the ensemble of personal sin of men of all times." Dutch Theologian Ansried Hulsbosch suggests that man is born to seek perfection; in so far as he fails to grow toward this spiritual goal, he is both "originally" and personally sinful. Englebert Gutwenger of Innsbruck University conceives of original sin not as any kind of sin at all but rather as a divinely willed state of "innate indifference" from which each man will eventually make a decision for or against Christ, for or against eschatological life.

What original sin comes down to, suggests Vanderbilt Theologian Ray Hart, "is that you can count on man to be a bastard." In a century that has so far produced Hiroshima, Buchenwald and Biafra, this is an insight that is hard to ignore. Søren Kierkegaard described original sin as a sense of dread; for most of mankind, it is still an uncomfortably familiar feeling.

MILESTONES

Married. Paul McCartney, 26, last of the bachelor Beatles; and Linda Eastman, 27, honey-blond American photographer and sister of Beatles Lawyer John Eastman, who met Paul at a news conference in Manhattan ten months ago; she for the second time; in a civil ceremony in London, enlivened somewhat by a covey of wounded birds waiting their anguish from behind a police cordon.

Died. Adhemar de Barros, 67. Brazilian politician who served three terms as Governor of São Paulo State, busy center of Latin American industry; of a heart attack; in Paris. After becoming Governor in 1938, De Barros spent his 28-year reign building a network of highways and hospitals. He also took an impressive cut off the top of the *porco* barrel, openly bragged of tampering with ballot boxes. Still, he survived all purges, until President Humberto Branco could tolerate his corruption no longer. De Barros was exiled in 1966.

Died. Ben Shahn, 70, U.S. portraitist, poster maker, muralist and artistic polemicist; of a heart attack; in Manhattan. "Is there nothing to weep about in this world any more?" the shaggy-bearded artist once asked. For him, the answer was always yes. Son of a Russian-born immigrant, Shahn was raised in a Brooklyn slum, and his proletarian vision was forged in the class-consciousness of the Depression. He employed elements of both Cubism and Surrealism in his own spare variant of social realism. In 1932 he won fame portraying the trial and execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. Thereafter, his angry melancholy illuminated a memorable sequence of arriving immigrants, lonely lovers, World War II factory workers, Japanese fallout victims. His *TIME* magazine covers included Freud, Lenin, Martin Luther King. Despite advancing age, he continued to experiment and to donate posters to favorite causes, most recently the presidential candidacy of Senator Eugene McCarthy.

Died. Charles Brackett, 76, screenwriter and producer, whose 30-year Hollywood stint brought him three Oscars and a six-year term (1949-55) as president of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences; of a stroke; in Bel Air, Calif. Brackett began writing short stories for the *Saturday Evening Post*, soon switched to *The New Yorker* as drama critic. Next stop was Hollywood in 1932, where he and Billy Wilder collaborated on 15 pictures, including Academy Award winners *The Lost Weekend* (1945) and *Sunset Boulevard* (1950). Brackett's final Oscar was for his *Titanic* (1953) screenplay, which captured all the heroism and much of the horror of the world's greatest maritime disaster.

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Rousing End to a Relaxed Flight

A PAIR of loud sonic booms shook the sky over the Atlantic Ocean last week, heralding the approach of Apollo 9 as it hurtled through the thickening atmosphere on its way home. Then, to the cheers of sailors on the deck of the helicopter carrier *Guadalcanal*, the heat-charred spacecraft float-

precise maneuvers and sophisticated procedure of the space flight.

When a recovery helicopter descended to lower the cagelike sling used to lift the astronauts aboard, the draft from its rotor whipped the ocean swells and pushed the floating spacecraft and attached rafts away. Again and again, as the helicopter made passes, frogmen reached for and missed the dangling cage. When Astronaut Scott was finally able to hitch a ride after ten misses, the cage swung widely back and forth in stomach-churning arcs as it was lifted to the helicopter.

Astronaut Schweickart, the next passenger, was splashed through the water on the first swing of the sling. Astronaut McDivitt was forced to take refuge on the flotation collar when the wind flipped over his raft. McDivitt got a thorough soaking and dizzying spin before he was lifted safely aboard the helicopter. Although the astronauts were probably never in real danger, the recovery provided exciting counterpoint to Apollo 9's final days of routine space flight.

Bright Planet. After completing their crucial rendezvous (TIME, March 14) and sending the Lunar Module they call Spider off into a looping 4,300-by-147-mile orbit, the astronauts were left alone in space with fully 97% of their mission objectives completed. The primary reason for remaining in orbit for another five days was to test the reliability of the Apollo systems. So the astronauts settled back for one of the most relaxed periods of any manned space flight to date, taking rest periods of ten hours or more.

"The big events of today," cracked a NASA official on Sunday, "are the sleep cycle and the wake-up period." On Monday, when the crew failed to call Houston at the scheduled hour, flight controllers simply allowed them to sleep on for two more hours.

While they were awake, however, the astronauts made good use of their time to gain experience in navigation and tracking—skills that will be vital for landing Spider on the moon and returning to a lunar-orbit rendezvous with Gumdrop. In addition to plotting their position by star sightings, they became the first spacemen to use the planet Jupiter for a navigational reference. The

astronauts also twice sighted and tracked Pegasus, a giant satellite orbited in 1965 to record meteor hits. Pointing their scanning telescope toward earth, they obtained fixes on islands, capes and other landmarks to establish Apollo's precise position in space.

In addition to the spectacular rendezvous and spacewalk shots they took early in the flight (see color pictures), the astronauts conducted photographic experiments designed for the study of earth resources. With four electrically synchronized cameras, they shot pictures of selected areas in the Southwest U.S., Puerto Rico, Mexico and Brazil. Using different filters and film sensitive to a variety of wave lengths of light, the cameras actually saw more of the earth than meets the eye.

From Apollo's infra-red pictures, for example, scientists will be able to distinguish the location of diseased vegetation in areas of healthy growth. On film recording only green light, which best penetrates water, they will be able to see the bottom contours of rivers, lakes and shallow coastal waters.

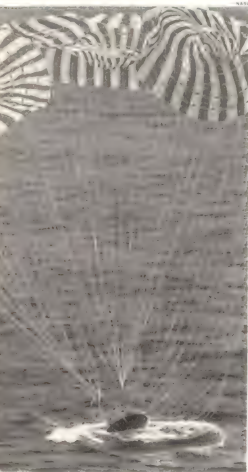
Conclusions obtained from these and other pictures will be compared to actual conditions on the ground and will help scientists plan an unmanned earth-resources satellite that the Interior Department hopes to launch in 1971 or 1972. With such satellites, officials plan to make a worldwide inventory of natural resources, track ocean currents, measure soil moisture, detect new mineral deposits and derive other benefits that should help pay back the enormous costs of the space program.

Calm Waters. While taking their pictures from a 281-by-113-mile elliptical orbit, the astronauts could see whitecaps in the ocean site southwest of Bermuda that had been chosen for their landing. The weather in the recovery area was so bad, in fact, that controllers avoided mentioning it to the astronauts until McDivitt asked.

"Jim, I hate to bring that up," the controller replied, "but there are fairly heavy winds around 30 knots (34.5 m.p.h.), or so, and waves around 6 to 8 feet."

By midweek, NASA officials decided that recovery would be too dangerous in the tossing waters off Bermuda and ordered the astronauts to stay in orbit for one additional revolution. Thus, as the earth revolved beneath Apollo's orbit, the next pass over the Atlantic enabled the astronauts to splash down far from the storm, in the calm waters off Grand Turk Island, in the Bahamas. There, the only whitecaps were those churned up by recovery helicopters.

After debriefing the astronauts and studying telemetry from Apollo 9, NASA will announce on March 24 whether it will maintain the current schedule (Apollo 10 in mid-May, the Apollo 11 moon-landing mission in mid-July) or move directly to a landing mission in June. Whatever the decision, there is now more confidence than ever that U.S. astronauts will be walking on the surface of the moon this summer.



APOLLO 9 SPLASHING DOWN IN ATLANTIC
Clearing the way for the final thrust.

ed down through the cloud cover and splashed into the water only three miles away. The triumphant ending to the ten-day, near-perfect mission of Apollo 9 cleared the way for the final U.S. thrust toward a manned landing on the moon.

A worldwide TV audience had a close-up view of the astronauts when they splashed down and as they emerged from the bobbing spaceship they call Gumdrop. As the *Guadalcanal* moved to within 100 yards of the spacecraft, TV cameras on the deck zoomed in to show Astronauts David Scott, Russell Schweickart and James McDivitt tumbling into inflated rubber rafts—a surprisingly awkward operation after the

FIRST COLOR PHOTOS FROM APOLLO 9



Lunar module (Spider) nestles in the nose of third-stage S-4B rocket high above the cloud-covered earth. Soon after astro-

nauts in the Apollo command module shot this picture, they docked with Spider and plucked it away from the rocket.



Standing on platform of Spider during his space walk, Astronaut Schweickart shoots pictures with 70-mm. camera.

Astronaut Scott leans from hatch after retrieving thermal sample from outside wall of command module (Gumdrop).



THE PRESS

REPORTERS

Self-Criticism in Chicago

Newspaper editors normally do not suffer criticism—or critics—gladly. They tend to get even unhappier when the criticism comes from members of their own staffs. Nevertheless, a group of Chicago reporters and photographers have been publicly lambasting their own papers ever since the 1968 Democratic Convention—and getting away with it.

Their vehicle is the *Chicago Journalism Review*, a candid monthly critique of the city's press. It grew out of a feeling by many newsmen that their editors and publishers have been too cozy for too long with the city's dominant politicians and businessmen. "News management, news manipulation and assaults on the integrity of the working press," said the *Review* in its first issue, "are commonplace in this tight little city." Editors go along "through conspiracies of silence." Many newsmen, the journal added, are also guilty: "They learn not to rock the boat or they cultivate cynicism—the hard-boiled, hard-drinking kind that is supposed to make Chicago newspapermen so colorful." The *Review* hopes to change that by promoting "a professional consciousness among our fellow newsmen—to let them know that their battle to stay 'pure' is not a lonely, hopeless fight."

Daley Takeover. The *Review*, whose fifth issue is due this week, depends on articles and tips from newsmen with personal knowledge of their papers' omissions, distortions or other misdeeds. Though many of the articles are signed, none of the contributors have complained yet of pressure from their bosses to keep quiet. The *Review* is edited by *Daily News* Education Reporter Henry De Zutter, *Sun-Times* Urban Affairs Specialist Christopher Chandler and *American* Education Reporter Ron Dorfman. All three contend that their careers are still prospering.

Discussing coverage of the convention disorders, the *Review* noted approvingly that editors "nervously let their reporters set down uncompromising facts about the police and the mayor." But post-convention coverage was something else. After out-of-town newsmen left Chicago, the *Review* claimed, "Mayor Daley was permitted to take over the media. Our own editorialists told us that we didn't really see what we saw under those blue helmets." The *Review* charged that the *American* had interviewed Police Superintendent James B. Conlisk about the disorders, then let him edit the resulting story.

According to the *Review*, when the Walker Commission sought reporters' accounts of events, Larry Mulay, general manager of the City News Bureau, censored his own reporters' memos to the commission, including one man's

claim that a policeman "calmly kicked [a] photographer in the groin and walked on." Explained Mulay: "We have to work with the police, and we depend on them for information all year long." The *Review* chided the *Tribune* for assailing all the "anonymous statements" in the Walker Report, then quoting "unimpeachable" (but anonymous) sources and "men of unquestioned integrity" as the basis for its own story claiming that the report had been rewritten under the direction of former Attorney General Ramsey Clark.

Unflattering Insights. The wide-ranging *Review* offers other unflattering insights into the quality of Chicago journalism. It contends that the *American*



The secret police in Chicago

FEBRUARY COVER BY MAULDIN

killed a series on malpractice in a hospital because the institution had "well-connected officials." After police staged a raid on prostitutes operating out of the city's fashionable Ambassador East Hotel, the afternoon newspapers somehow failed to name the hotel. But when *American* Reporter Gary Cummings then attempted to omit the names of hotels that were the sites of such respectable functions as conventions and speeches, he was ordered to write them in. The *Review* also noted that even after University of Illinois officials told the *Tribune* that a police estimate of \$50,000 in damages as a result of a black student demonstration was greatly exaggerated, the paper continued to use the figure. The university's final damage estimate was \$3,812.49.

The *Review* assailed the *Sun-Times* for claiming that a LIFE magazine article on Chicago police corruption contained only "old stories that were printed here when they were news." Countered the *Review*: "About 90% of the LIFE material had never been printed

by the *Sun-Times* or any other Chicago newspaper," including the names of involved officers.

Delicate Line. The *Review* criticizes reporters as well as editors. In one article, *Sun-Times* Reporter Ben Heine-man Jr., son of the president of Chicago's Northwest Industries, accepted part of the blame himself for the failure of the city's newspapers fully to pursue leads that pointed toward police responsibility for the deaths of four Negroes shot during the April disorders. The *Review* pointed out that city hall reporters normally accept Christmas gifts from aldermen and get at least "\$200-\$300 and 25 to 30 bottles of booze" each year.

Although circulation is growing (it is now 3,700), the *Review*, at 50¢ a copy, does not break even; the deficit is made



DORFMAN



DE ZUTTER



CHANDLER

Too cozy for too long.

up by an anonymous donation and a foundation grant. The reaction of newspaper editors to the efforts is cool but not overtly hostile—yet. "We welcome criticism," says *Daily News* Editor Roy Fisher. "But I think reporters for the *News* could be more constructive by channeling their criticism within the paper." *Sun-Times* Editor James Hoge praises the *Review* staff for its ability to draw a delicate line between "what's legitimate information for a critique and what's a violation of inner office confidences." *Tribune* Editor Clayton Kirkpatrick is less charitable. "We don't tell people what they can do with their free time," he says. "But I can't say that I take it seriously."

There is something distinctly disturbing about newspaper employees in effect snitching on their own bosses in public. Yet the *Review* can clearly serve a useful purpose in Chicago. Besides, its kind of self-criticism might be even more important in the nation's many one-newspaper towns, where journalistic complacency often goes unchallenged.

THE THEATER

PLAYS ABROAD

Italian Incendiary

A ticket costs 80¢. No critics are invited. The players are peasants and factory workers. The show is called *Grande Pantomima con Bandiere e Puppazzi Piccoli e Medi* (Grand Pantomime with Banners and Puppets Small and Medium), and it is a phenomenal theatrical event. On its present tour, which began last October, it has played in 138 different towns and villages of northern and central Italy, mostly on one-night stands, to audiences ranging from 500 to 3,000. Everywhere the reception is astonishing. One evening recently, in the tiny village of San Martino in Fiume, 540 of the 800 inhabitants came to the performance.

The man who incites this kind of turnout is Dario Fo, 42, actor, playwright, dramatic apostle to the proletariat, and currently Italy's most incendiary theatrical personality. Social protest flows from Fo's work but it bubbles with laughter. He conceived of *Grand Pantomima* as a kind of cartoon political morality play about Italy from World War II to the present. Intransigently anti-Fascist and bent on exposing what Fo considers crypto-Fascism, the play is deeply concerned with the exploitation of workers under whatever form of economy and government. Fo calls his own political stance "extreme free left," but he has no political affiliation. He writes with a porcine quill and no one, right, left or center, escapes.

Out from the Innards. As the play begins, a ten-foot-tall puppet with a bilious, wart-covered face lumbers to the center of the stage and mumbles unintelligible words from an ugly rubber

mouth while wielding a black plastic truncheon. "Kill the dirty Fascist!" shouts a group of men in turtleneck sweaters as they start to beat the puppet's swollen belly. Out from the puppet's innards steps a shapely brunette in a bathing costume who announces that she is "Capitalism." Soon a 30-foot-long white-and-green-colored dragon winds its way through the gasping audience. "The Communists are coming—Help! Help!" shriek the onstage characters as they watch the approaching dragon. A puppet king, Vittorio Emanuele, pushes forward the shapely brunette in the bathing costume. "Only you, sweet Capitalism, can save us," he says. The dragon grows ferociously at the brunette and starts to wind itself around her body. She moves seductively within its coils, rubbing her breasts against its body. Instead of crushing her, the dragon succumbs to her charms.

The workers behead the huge "Fascist" puppet and plan a democratic Italy. But the new tyranny becomes the assembly line, about which Fo raises a characteristically Italian plaint. "Women who work on the assembly line are forced to make 40,000 body movements a day. As a result, 15% of them become sterile and 30% cripples. In some factories where men are subjected to continual movement and noise, 40% of the men become impotent."

Personal Revolution. The last act becomes participatory theater as actors and audience debate the significance of the play. Says one speaker from the stage: "Fellow workers, you must rise and fight the bosses. You are like the Communist dragon—seduced by the comfort that Capitalism offers you as a bribe to keep quiet. But refrigerators

and TV sets won't solve your problems—only the revolution can give you the strength and human dignity denied the working class so long." In the village of Vignola, the audience was so aroused by this argument that a group called for flags and guns to march on the nearby factory and take it over. The march did not take place. As one worker says to another in *Grand Pantomima*: "We can't kill the boss. After all, he has a mamma like us all and he pays for our local football team."

Fo has turned his back on a foot-light fame that shines far beyond Italy. Son of a recently retired railroad worker, Fo was an enthusiastic amateur actor in his youth, appearing in student plays while studying architecture in Milan. At 24 he worked up a one-man act reciting monologues. His first nationwide success was a three-act tragi-comedy that examined the making of a hero, coming to the conclusion that the hero is only a creation of the "big boss," who used him to keep the workers distracted while the boss exploited them. His greatest hit, written in 1967, is set in a circus in the U.S., where the clowns die and go to an American heaven to find a paradise packed with consumer goods.

Fo is Italy's most renowned contemporary playwright, and while he is little known in the U.S., 45 European theaters have produced his works in the past year alone, including performances in Germany, England, France and most of the Iron Curtain countries. Until recently, he and his blonde actress-wife Franca Rame could command combined annual earnings of \$120,000. While Fo's plays still garner respectable royalties, he settles for \$11.20 per diem in *Grand Pantomima*, which comes close to the average ticket price for a Broadway musical.

ALDO DI CARO



SWEET CAPITALISM EMERGING FROM FASCIST PUPPET IN "PANTOMIMA"

No one—right, left, or center—escapes the porcine quill.



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BEHAVIOR

Margaret Mead Today: Mother to the World

LOOKING like a cross between a stern schoolmarm and an impish witch, the short (5 ft. 2 in.), broad-beamed woman in a floor-length, toga-like gown marched onto the stage at the American Museum of Natural History last week, clutching her ever-present forked walking stick. Then, peering at the overflow audience of nearly 1,500, Margaret Mead, who at 67 is something more than an anthropologist and something less than a national oracle, undertook

Like the other 60 or so lectures she delivers each year, this one was packed with provocative opinion, and necessary forays into social science jargon were leavened with literate wit. Unmistakably, the dogmatic pronouncements were drawn from Margaret Mead's 44 years as a pioneering field researcher. "I have seen what few people have ever seen," she says, "people who have moved from the Stone Age into the present in 30 years—kids who say, 'My fa-

his own institutions—and about changing them. At 23, she set off for six months alone among remote fisherfolk in American Samoa. The result of her research, published in 1928 when she was 26, was *Coming of Age in Samoa*.

In jargon-free, almost lyrical prose, *Coming of Age* described how a cultural web of ritual, taboo, kinship and history formed the typical Samoan personality. Growing up is "so easy, so simple," she found, because "Samoa is a place where no one plays for very high stakes, suffers for his convictions or fights to the death. Caring is slight." The book became a bestseller and basic reading for introductory social-science courses; it is still in print. Though the work broke no theoretical ground, Margaret Mead's conclusion that the Samoan teen-ager was calm and free from trauma provided solid proof that "adolescence is not necessarily a specially difficult period in a girl's life" and, by extension, that so-called "human nature" is almost infinitely plastic.

By the time the book came out, Margaret Mead was at work on her second field trip, to the Admiralty Islands of New Guinea. She has made eleven visits to far-off South Sea islands,* first studying peoples relatively untouched by modern civilization, then returning to gauge their dramatic postwar changes. She was one of the first anthropologists to use still and motion pictures to record the customs and habits of primitive societies. She was also one of the first to develop the subscience of semiotics, or the study of how men communicate by gestures.

To the dismay of her more cautious peers, she has always been ready to apply her anthropological findings to the contemporary world. During World War II, for example, she wrote a booklet telling G.I.s how to get along with British girls (because of cultural differences, she warned, they were apt to think that an American's playful advances were meant more seriously than he intended). "Margaret sees herself as the mother of us all," says Child Psychologist Martha Wollenstein, one of her longtime collaborators.

Fierce Women. Zestfully efficient, Dr. Mead regularly goes to Broadway plays and Sunday Episcopal Church services, advises nearly 30 young anthropological field workers, serves on some seven boards and committees, writes a monthly column for *Redbook* magazine, and keeps 15 assistants hopping in her crowded tower office at the Natural History museum, where she is curator of ethnology. For all the familiarity of her views, she remains an original, with a capacity to shock and surprise. An enthusiast of interdisciplinary studies, she has organized countless sessions that have brought anthropologists together

* On several trips she worked successively with two husbands, from both of whom she is now divorced. "Anthropological marriages are like theatrical marriages," she says succinctly. "They add more of a strain to the relationship."



MARGARET MEAD IN SAMOA (1926)



LECTURING IN NEW YORK (1969)

So-called "human nature" is almost infinitely plastic.

one of her favorite tasks. She told her audience what is afoot in the world and some good ways to improve it.

The subject of the lecture, her third in the museum's annual Man and Nature series, was social change. Dr. Mead argued that primitive societies barely perceived change; a child repeated almost exactly the lives of his parents. In more advanced societies, which changed faster, children often abandoned their parents' ways and modeled their behavior on teachers or heroes. Now, however, the kind of change fostered by technology has removed even those models. Youths today, she argued, are like children of wilderness pioneers—the first natives in a new world. "For the first time in human history," she said, "there are no elders anywhere who know what the young people know." Parents who would understand what their own generation has wrought, she implied, will have to reverse the traditional pattern and let their children teach them what the real issues and questions are.

ther was a cannibal, but I am going to be a doctor!"

Her career as a disciplined observer of human behavior began when she was nine: her economist father and sociologist mother encouraged her to record the speech patterns of her younger sisters in a notebook. As a child, Dr. Mead once recalled, she precociously read "hundreds of books a year and every magazine, allowed or forbidden, that came into the house." By the age of 13 she was ghostwriting papers for members of a women's self-improvement society near her home in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. She arrived at Manhattan's Barnard College the very model of a liberated young woman with a passion for social reform.

Instead of entering politics, she decided to earn a Ph.D. in the then unfamiliar field of anthropology. Under Franz Boas, the founder of American anthropology as an academic discipline, she caught the conviction that study of primitive societies could teach sophisticated Western man a good deal about



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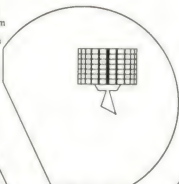


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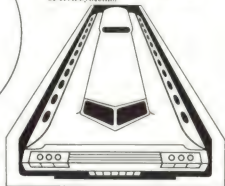
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MUSIC

OPERA

Bye-Bye Brünnhilde

Sweden's Birgit Nilsson is the world's reigning Wagnerian soprano. Austria's Herbert von Karajan has no superior as a conductor of the *Ring* cycle. Alas, two great melodies do not always produce a single pleasing harmony. Ever since she began singing under his demanding baton, Miss Nilsson's relationship with the Salzburg-born maestro has become increasingly sour. Among other things, she has been irked by his insistence on unusually time-consuming rehearsals and is not too keen about his dark, brooding lighting effects, which

dame Nilsson, as immortal as she is, can get sick occasionally." But since the Austrian soprano was coming all the way to New York, he added, she at least deserves the chance to give one performance in Von Karajan's critically acclaimed production of the *Ring*. From Vienna, the conductor supplied an oblique support to Bing's explanation.

Following a different libretto, the ordinarily affable Nilsson charged that the Met had in fact unilaterally cut her Wagner schedule nearly in half, added vocally taxing side-by-side performances of *Atta* and *Götterdämmerung*, and rudely notified her of the changes by a brusque note left by a porter at her

with men of widely varying disciplines. Although not enamored of the S.D.S., she argues that "our colleges are 400 years out of date." A fighter for equal opportunity, she favors a coed draft, although she would not give guns to women because "they are too fierce." Recently she has been recommending that Americans accept their society's evolution toward two different types of marriage: "individual marriage" for young couples not intending to have children and "parental marriage" for couples desiring offspring.

"As an anthropologist," says one colleague, "she is not a Jesus. She is a St. Paul." Paul, of course, was not welcomed unequivocally by his fellow Christians, and for all her prestige, Dr. Mead is not considered beyond criticism by her colleagues. Younger anthropologists sometimes dismiss her broad field inquiries as no more substantial than "a wind blowing through the palm trees." Other Pacific investigators have produced evidence that runs counter to her assessments of tribal personality. Most of all, anthropologists stand aghast at the way her powerful mind sometimes links fact and implication with little more than pure faith. One of her sternest critics, Columbia Anthropologist Marvin Harris, says dryly: "The courage of one's convictions is a blessing with which Mead has been liberally endowed." She permits few ripostes. When attacking the wrong-headedness of a fellow scholar, says a cowed friend, "she is truly like one of those terrible Indian goddesses, standing on her victims with her tongue sticking out."

The Whole of Life. Nonetheless, she has been proved right so often that her critics have to take her seriously—and she is unlikely to give them a rest. In December, Margaret Mead officially retires from her job at the museum, but she will keep her office there, install a new hall on the "Peoples of the Pacific" and continue to write. She is helping to organize the social science division for Fordham University's new Lincoln Center college and plans to keep on making trips to the South Pacific.

Margaret Mead has been a powerful catalyst in making anthropology relevant to contemporary man—and now, obviously, is no time to quit. "At this moment in history," she says, "we have virtually the whole of man's life spread out before us—people who are living as they may have lived for the past 30,000 years and astronauts who are beginning to live as we will live tomorrow. On my first field trips I worked with the comforting knowledge that everything I reported was unique, vanishing, and would be useful for anthropology. Today those people and I live in the same world, and my knowledge of their past has changed the world climate so that it is ready for them to assert their rights as human beings. It's sentimental to object to the fact that people are coming into a world community. We're not going to go back."

JOHN GUTENBERG—FORNITORY



VON KARAJAN & NILSSON AT THE MET (WITH BARITONE THOMAS STEWART)
Two melodies do not a harmony make.

often keep the singers in the shadows. "I could walk out for coffee sometimes," Miss Nilsson once complained to Rudolf Bing, general manager of New York City's Metropolitan Opera, "and no one would know the difference."

Last week, in the temperamental tradition of opera's prima donnas, Miss Nilsson did indeed walk out on the Met. She not only refused to sing as Brünnhilde in the 1970 premiere of the new Von Karajan production of *Götterdämmerung*, but also canceled her scheduled performances next season in *Aradne auf Naxos*. Her reason: the Met was letting that nasty Von Karajan whittle down the number of her performances in order to introduce a younger Viennese protégée, Soprano Helga Dernesch, to New York audiences. "When the birds are not happy," throbbed Miss Nilsson, "they don't sing."

Still scarred by memories of his war with the tempestuous Maria Callas, Impresario Bing tried to absolve his conductor and soothe his diva. Miss Dernesch, he explained, had merely been engaged as an understudy: "Even Ma-

hotel room. What miffed her even more was the fact that the Met had added three more Italian roles—she wanted to devote her voice to the *Ring*—and even carelessly scheduled one performance on the very day she was flying in from Europe. True, the Met then tried to make amends, but too late. "We singers," said Nilsson, in an obvious understatement, "are very sensitive people." Exit diva, stage left, curtain.

COMPOSERS

Toward Infinity in Sound

Greece's avant-garde composer Iannis Xenakis has a lofty artistic goal: to pre-empt the marriage of 20th century science and music. "The two can no longer exist apart," he insists. "Musicians are being forced to recognize all kinds of technical advances. Their job is to catch up with them and guide them." This may be somewhat easier for Xenakis (whose full name is pronounced *Yahn-nis Zen-nahk-ess*) than for some of his peers: An accomplished architect, engineer and philosopher as well as a

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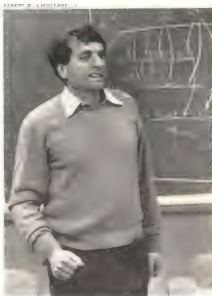
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composer, he is enough at home with an IBM 7090 computer to use it in calculating his compositions, which owe a large intellectual debt to the universal language of science: mathematics.

Whistles and Whips. Most of Xenakis' ear-jarring music is an extension in sound of the calculus of probability, one of whose basic concepts is Bernoulli's law of large numbers. It says, in effect, that the occurrence of any chance event—the roll of a seven in dice, for example, or the random collision of stray molecules in the atmosphere—is more likely to conform to the prescribed statistical odds with each successive attempt. To Xenakis, this mathematical absolute has profound philosophical meaning: it implies that the changing structure of certain events in life, including the sounds that man creates, may tend ultimately toward a state of stability, or *stochos* (the Greek word for goal). Hence, he dubs his quest for mathematical orderliness in composition "stochastic" music. Xenakis describes his own music as "masses evolving and erupting, reshaping themselves, succeeding one another and then vanishing"—often in harmony with inflexible mathematical principles.

Despite its Pythagorean formality, however, Xenakis' music bears his ingeniously personal mark. For instance, during a composition called *Eonta* (which means "beings" in Greek) three trombonists and two trumpeters march to and fro about the stage while a pianist flays wildly away at the keyboard. In *Terretektorh* (one of the coined Greek words that he uses to title his pieces), the musicians blow whistles, rattle maracas, clap wooden blocks and crack small whips besides coaxing unearthly sounds from conventional instruments. As in *Terretektorh*, the entire orchestra will be scattered throughout the audience during the world premiere of *Nomos Gamma* at France's Roxy Festival next month. Perhaps his most extraordinary composition is *Stratégie*, which introduces mathematical game theory to the concert hall. Two full orchestras and two conductors literally duel for points on the same stage by improvising combinations in accordance with Xenakis' rules for the musical match.

Often the sounds of Xenakis' music—foghorn-thick brasses, squealing, creaking string glissandi—reflect the brutal images of his youth. Left motherless at the age of six, he lived in Athens during the Italian and German occupations, joined the Communist resistance during World War II and lost an eye and part of his cheek when he was struck by a shell fragment from a British tank in 1945. In *Metastaseis*, for example, the music seems to build on glissandi of rising intensity that might represent a roaring, surging crowd in Athens' Constitution Square. The sharp, rifle-like reports in *Pithoprakta* suggest the ping of bullets against the city's ancient stone masonry.



XENAKIS

Reflections of a brutal image.

Enough of Gounod. Although Xenakis is dismissed as something of a showman by some of Europe's reigning serialists, he has influenced such younger musicians as Poland's Krzysztof Penderecki and Japan's Yuji Takahashi. He is also a hero to young intellectuals on the Continent. In Paris last spring, conservatory students marched through the streets with placards that declared: "Enough of Gounod. We want Xenakis." In part, the enthusiasm for Xenakis, who fled Greece in 1947, may stem from the fact that the Greek government has sentenced him to death in *absentia* for his guerrilla activities.

Xenakis is also benefiting from growing public interest in experimental music. The records of his orchestral and electronic works are finding an increasingly large audience in Europe and the U.S. Following the successful performances of *Metastaseis* and *Pithoprakta* last year (TIME, Jan. 26, 1968), George Balanchine hopes to choreograph three more of his pieces for the New York City Ballet. Xenakis has just completed a new ballet for the opening of Canada's new cultural center in Ottawa next June and has eight more major commissions on order.

Today Xenakis divides his year between Paris—where he lives with his French wife Françoise, a novelist, and their 13-year-old daughter—and Indiana University's School of Music, where he is the director of a new center for mathematical and automated music. Although he worked with Le Corbusier for twelve years, Xenakis now only occasionally practices architecture. Like a laboratory physicist, he has no clear idea where his musical experiments will take him—except to predict that his existing works, baffling as they are to the ear, will seem surprisingly tame beside "the infinite sounds" of the future.



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BUTTERFLIES



KOLÁŘ



FOUR-DIMENSIONAL HEAD

COLLAGE

From Pen to Pastepot

When Czechoslovakia eased travel restrictions about five years ago, Western intellectuals ventured there with the wary air of men exploring some dark continent. They were surprised to discover that many Czechs were familiar with the plays of Samuel Beckett and Edward Albee, and had kept abreast of other Western cultural developments. If they dropped into Prague's Café Slavie around 4 p.m. any afternoon, they could have encountered several of the reasons why. A group of artists and writers who meet there have for years been assiduously importing and translating Western books, plays and art publications. One of their leaders is slender, Jiří Kolář, now 54, essayist, playwright and, by general acknowledgment, Czechoslovakia's leading poet.

This week West Germans will have an opportunity to examine yet another side of Kolář's talent at Bremen's Overbeck Gesellschaft Gallery, which will display 180 examples of his "poems of object." The show will move on to Ulm and Munich, and Manhattan's Wildard Gallery plans to exhibit his work this spring. It is memorable not only because Kolář reveals himself as a gifted collagist, but also because contemporary artists with any degree of originality at all have conspicuously failed to develop in Communist countries.

Mosaics of Rubble. Nine years ago, Kolář, who was primarily a symbolic poet, abandoned formal verse altogether. Now he spends nine hours a day gluing tiny fragments of newspaper and photographs onto plaques, bas-reliefs, household objects and sculpted forms. "I am still a poet," he says, "in the sense that I am a shaper of symbolic meanings from information spewed out by our technological civilization. But I'm using the poetry of objects because I feel that the irrational logic of our time cries out for fresh expression."

First expression for the irrational logic.

ART

In essence, Kolář glorifies the printed phrase while simultaneously reducing it to mosaics of decorative rubble. A bas-relief of a butterfly is emblazoned with syllables from a 17th century Latin text on the natural sciences, together with scraps of the enigmatic smile of the Mona Lisa. A bust of Queen Nefertiti is studded with bits of picture postcards, advertising folders, magazine illustrations and postage stamps.

Many admirers of Kolář's poetry are still furious with him for having abandoned the pen for the pastepot. But Czechoslovak Art Historian Jiří Padrt suggests that Kolář's word-cluttered collages have contributed more to a "latent freedom of writing" than his poems ever did. Nothing proved the point so well as the Russian invasion of Aug. 21. All the walls of Prague and all Czechoslovak towns blossomed with writing—defiant slogans, protests and simple anti-Russian graffiti. Then, says Padrt, "the main squares were like one giant Kolář collage."

PAINTING

Late Starter

By the age of 60, Streeter Blair had tried half a dozen careers. He had taught Latin, managed a haberdashery, edited a boys' magazine called *The Knicker*, ended up operating a successful antique shop in Los Angeles.

For all this modest success, he would be little noted except for the happenstance that one day a customer bought some unrecorded artifact and asked him to describe the old Pennsylvania farmhouse it came from. Words failed him, and he decided that the only way he could convey his vision was to paint it—even though he had not really put brush to canvas since childhood. To his astonishment, the woman insisted on buying it for \$25. With that chance sale,

Blair began painting himself into the annals of American art.

Relatively few years were left to him before his death at the age of 78, but in that time, Streeter's "primitive" paintings won growing admiration. Currently, Beverly Hills' Sári Heller Gallery is mounting a show of his work, asking up to \$25,000 for a painting.

Delightful Cow Poths. As with any authentic primitive painter, Blair's first subject was the farm—and the oldtime farm at that. Blair had all the credentials. Back in 1888, when Blair was born, his father ran the local Grange store in Cadmus, Kans. As a child he earned 50¢ a day by working from sunup to sundown in the surrounding fields. He thought he hated it—the boredom, the ignorance, the poverty. "A cow path is delightful if you are out for a stroll, but not if you are trying to get somewhere," he observed later. But by the time he started to paint, he had already got somewhere, and his imagination ranged back to those delightful cow paths. He painted youngsters playing leapfrog, Christmas carolers practicing around the family piano, Kansans enjoying an ice-cream strawberry social.

Thus, as a purveyor of nostalgia, Blair invited comparison with Grandma Moses. He too was unable to conquer perspective or master the technique of shadow. His rivers run up and down hill-sides in carefree disregard of Newton, and the passengers in his buckboards are sometimes bigger than the animals that pull them. Like Grandma, he never went to art shows, completely ignored art magazines, and firmly refused to take formal instruction.

But he had an instinctive color sense that went beyond mere representation. Grandma Moses invariably painted skies the way they looked—blue, grey or indeterminate shades in between. Blair boldly painted his skies whatever color seemed appropriate. He recognized, for instance, that a blue sky above *Wichita*, 1923 would be totally inconsonant

STREETER BLAIR: WESTERN PRIMITIVE



WICHITA, 1923

TARY HULLER-GALLANT



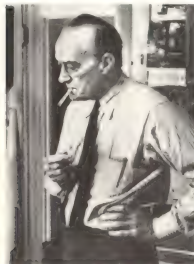
THE YULE LOG

VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA, 1878



with the painting's overall tonality, and that it would destroy the closed ambience of *Virginia City, Nevada, 1878*. So he painted one an arbitrary red, the other a brooding yellow.

Blair was also more of a traveler. He spent time in 35 states and remembered most of them. Those he did not remember he tried to imagine. All the historical scenes that he re-created, whether of a picnic or a town at a particular moment in time, were painstakingly researched not only for topography but also for the costumes of the ladies and the shape of the horse-cars. His picture of bringing the Yule log into a Baltimore house is a scene that ostensibly portrays Blair's father and himself as a small boy. It is a



BLAIR IN LOS ANGELES STUDIO (1965):
When words fail.

scene that never was—the family never lived in Baltimore.

Earthy Aphorist. If the public was slow to discover Blair, young avant-garde artists were not. Such radicals as Edward Kienholz and Billy Al Bengston forgathered at the old house Blair had bought in Los Angeles, admired his paintings and delighted in his company. Blair always gave them coffee (he kept careful records on just how each guest preferred it) and his own home-baked bread, for which he won many prizes at county fairs. Afterward, everybody pitched horseshoes in the backyard and listened to Blair's inexhaustible tales of his and other people's pasts. His speech was marked by rattling prosody and tart aphorisms. Samples: "Two bottles that hold less than they appear to hold are a perfume bottle and a whisky bottle." "Truth is stranger than fables." "We can't go through the eye of a needle because of our baggage."

Blair died 2½ years ago. "As a person, he was one of nature's most successful experiments," says Kienholz. As a painter, he was his own best experiment—and should survive.



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BUSINESS

A TOUGH FRIEND IN THE WHITE HOUSE

ACCORDING to the standard political form-charts, businessmen are supposed to get a better deal from a Republican President. Cherished assumptions aside, the track records are not always so clear. Dwight Eisenhower had the most vigorous trustbusters since Teddy Roosevelt's day, and his economic advisers supported tight-money policies few businessmen favored. John Kennedy had his celebrated showdown over steel-industry price increases, but he also advocated the tax cut that gave a substantial lift to profits. Lyndon Johnson eagerly courted businessmen and had great initial success, though the relationship deteriorated. How will businessmen fare with Richard Nixon?

No. 1 Problem. While it is too soon for certainty, there are signs that those who expect particularly gentle treatment will be disappointed. The President has made no sudden or sharp breaks with the business policies of his Democratic predecessors, nor is he likely to do so. The No. 1 economic problem is still inflation—a fact that was underscored last week by a Government survey predicting an increase in capital spending of nearly 14% in 1969, compared with only a 4% gain last year. To fight inflation, the Nixon Administration intends to extend the surtax, keep money tight and aim for a slight budget surplus—much the same policies that Lyndon Johnson pursued in his last days as President. Nixon will undoubtedly try to dispel the common belief that Republicans are irrevocably pro-business, especially since his overriding domestic goal is to “bring together” a nation that is already rent by too many divisions.

Yet the mood and tone of Washington could change in subtle ways. For example, businessmen might expect to find it somewhat easier to articulate their aims and ideas to a Republican Administration. As Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans says: “Business will get no special favors, but it will get full consideration of its viewpoint.”

Executive Roster. As in previous Administrations, Democrat and Republican alike, Nixon has placed a large number of businessmen high in the Government. His twelve-man Cabinet includes seven former bankers, corporate lawyers and business executives: John Mitchell, David Kennedy, George Romney, John Volpe, Walter Hickel, Maurice Stans and Winton Blount. Many businessmen now occupy sub-Cabinet posts that often were filled by professors and civil servants.

Their presence is most conspicuous in the Defense Department, where Deputy Secretary David Packard, the millionaire co-founder of California's Hewlett-Packard Co., is only one of half a

dozen business executives in the inner circle. Among the many others at high levels is Nathaniel Samuelis, former managing partner of Wall Street's Kuhn, Loeb, a deputy Under Secretary of State. The new Under Secretary of Labor is James Hodgson, a former Lockheed Aircraft vice president for industrial relations.

These men talk the language of business, and they are willing to listen. There is, of course, a vast difference between listening and doing just what business wants. Possibly because they are taking pains to avoid accusations of pro-business bias, the President's appointees are acting fairly tough. Examples:

- **STOCK MARKET.** During his campaign, Nixon stirred much criticism by promising an end to “heavy-handed bureaucratic regulatory schemes” for policing the securities business. Nonetheless, Hamer Budge, new head of the Securities and Exchange Commission, has stressed that he will combat malpractices as vigorously as his activist predecessor, Manuel Cohen, who has praised Budge. A judge from Idaho, Budge is particularly eager to protect the interests of small investors.

- **BANKING.** Even more vigorously than Johnson, Nixon and his aides are campaigning against one-bank holding companies, which the bankers set up to diversify into other businesses. The Administration considers the bank-holding company trend to be a significant danger and is moving toward legislation to curb it.

- **CONGLOMERATE MERGERS.** Both the White House and the Democratic-controlled Congress are both investigating them. That displeases some, but by no means all, businessmen. Among the most outspoken foes of conglomerates are old-line business leaders who are fearful of being taken into crazy-quilt mergers. Last week Nixon's chief trustbuster, Richard McLaren, said that his department may bring suit to break up some conglomerate mergers that have already taken place. McLaren thus goes beyond his Democratic predecessors, who showed no inclination to test their legal power to fight conglomerates. If McLaren sues, he will invoke Section 7 of the Clayton Antitrust Act, which prohibits corporate acquisitions that “substantially” lessen competition. Meanwhile, Congress is considering a bill to end the favorable tax treatment accorded to companies that issue debentures to pay for mergers.

Still, Nixon has given in to some special interests, particularly in the area of foreign trade. In a recent press conference, he made an impassioned plea for freer trade that disappointed high-tariff protectionists. The U.S., however,



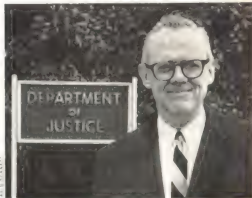
DEFENSE'S PACKARD



STATE'S SAMUELIS



LABOR'S HODGSON



JUSTICE'S McLAREN

Full consideration, but not many favors.

has pressured Europe's Common Market and Japan to impose "voluntary" quotas on steel exports, and Nixon has made clear that he favors similar quotas for textiles. Another threat to free trade comes from home builders and lumbermen, who want the U.S. to curb timber exports to Japan. Partly because of high Japanese demand for U.S. lumber, domestic prices have risen by nearly 100% in the past year, increasing the average cost of a new house by \$1,200.

On broader issues, Nixon believes that private enterprise should play a larger role in solving the nation's social problems. But he has run into opposition to his plans for offering tax incentives to businessmen who sponsor job retraining and black-capitalism projects. Congressional Democrats consider the idea a "backdoor raid" on the Treasury, a disguised form of Government spending. Some businessmen also fault the incentives. Ben Heineman, president of Northwest Industries and a Democrat, fears that if business were to receive tax subsidies but fail to root out social problems, it "could be set up as the goat of the next ten years." That is precisely the risk that businessmen run when working in Washington. The greater their voice in setting national policy, the more they will share the credit for U.S. triumphs—and the blame for failures.

AIRLINES

Blocking an Air Raid

As Charles Bluhdorn tells the story, the deal was the most natural thing in the world. While vacationing in the Bahamas last December, the chairman of Gulf & Western Industries mentioned to James Crosby, chairman of Resorts International, that he had acquired 1.8 million shares of Pan American World Airways, or 5% of the total. Crosby then made Bluhdorn an "irresistible" offer to buy 900,000 shares and got an option on the balance.

Next, Crosby learned that the Chase Manhattan Bank controlled 1,500,000 more shares of Pan Am. He invited a number of Chase officers down to the Bahamas to inspect his Paradise Island complex of hotels and a gambling casino. The bankers thereupon agreed to sell their Pan Am stock, then worth about \$39 million, for a complex package of Resorts' notes and warrants.

Multimillion Call. At Pan Am, Chairman Harold Gray and President Naejeb Halaby were rather chagrined to discover that Resorts had a call on almost 10% of the airline's common stock and could fairly easily become the large-

est shareholder. Looking into Resorts, they found that it was largely a family affair run by Crosby, 41, and some of his relatives. Crosby in 1958 had taken over the Mary Carter Paint Co. ("Buy One—Get One Free"); he later bought most of Huntington Hartford's interests on Paradise Island and sold the paint-making part of the business. Resorts International appeared to be well managed, but more than half of its profits depended on roulette and craps tables. It had a call on about \$93 million worth of Pan Am stock, while its own net worth was only \$6,000,000. Pan Am's Gray could find "nothing of benefit" in an affiliation with Crosby.

Crosby may well have underestimated Pan Am's muscle in Washington and on Wall Street. After some phone calls



PAN AM'S HALABY & GRAY
Something more than just a dollar sign.

from the White House, the Commerce committees of both the House and the Senate began looking into the sources of Resorts' financing and whether the company might be fronting for some bigger organization in an attempt to take over Pan Am. Legislation has been introduced in Congress to prevent any outside company from acquiring more than 5% of any airline's stock without approval from the Civil Aeronautics Board.

The American Stock Exchange barred trading in Resorts' shares until the company satisfactorily explained its intentions regarding Pan Am. Though Resorts disclaimed any interest in taking over Pan Am, the ban continued through week's end. Jim Crosby was rapidly learning that, as Gray put it, "the airline business is unique. It involves something more than just business with a dollar sign. It should not become a pawn on a chessboard in a financial game for profits. Pan Am is a king."

GREECE

When Giants Clash

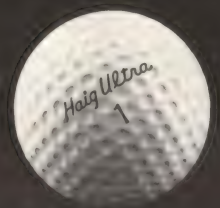
Once again, it was high noon in Athens. Once again, the big shoot-up paired off two old adversaries, Aristotle Onassis and Stavros Niarchos. For the past dozen years, they have clashed over business deals with almost the same fervor that they seek to outdo each other in their personal lives. The spoils have been about equally divided, Niarchos, whose estimated wealth is just under \$500 million, won the license to run the country's first oil refinery and vast shipyards. Onassis, who is worth just over \$500 million, got the national airline concession.

The latest feud began when Greece's ruling generals early last year offered another refinery concession to whichever bidder proposed to finance and build the most additional industry to go with it. At first Onassis beat out Niarchos with a proposal for a \$400 million complex containing the refinery as well as an alumina works, a thermoelectric plant, shipyards and many projects to attract tourists. Altogether, that represented the largest industrial investment in Greek history.

Two weeks ago Niarchos counter-attacked. A spokesman announced that he was offering the Greek government an investment of \$500 million in return for the new refinery concession. Since this topped Onassis' bid by \$100 million, the government was delighted. The Economic Coordination Minister, Nicholas Makarezos, declared: "This contest is all for the good of the nation. It means the refinery will be awarded under the best possible terms."

Kiddie Talk. With that, Onassis howled, and Premier George Papadopoulos hurried back to Athens from a tour of northern Greece. After conferences among government ministers, Makarezos mysteriously retracted. His ministry confirmed that Onassis was still the victor. Onassis celebrated at a spirited press conference. He contended that his offer, including some projects for the more distant future, was really worth \$550 million. Apparently, Onassis won out because he agreed under pressure last week to put up a sizable cash guarantee that he would actually complete the projects. With biting sarcasm, he poked at Niarchos—"without even mentioning his name—for spending so much time at his chalet in the Swiss Alps and for announcing his offers through a young nepheuw."

Niarchos responded from Switzerland. He accused Onassis of trying to overcharge the Greek government by as much as \$190 million over the next ten years for transporting oil in his tankers. "We are wondering why such a huge gift is made to our competitors," said Niarchos. Later, when Onassis was asked if he would ever join with Niarchos in a Greek project, he replied: "Don't you think that that is a bad-taste joke?"



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THE MAKING OF THE MAVERICK

You try to read the car market and all you can say is "You dumb foot draggers—you in Detroit—what took you so long to know imports were going to hit a million?" Now the market is damn well defined, and you know what the market says: "Give me a hell of a good buy for two grand, will you?"

THAT is Ford Executive Vice President Lee Iacocca's earthy account of a decision that will shake up the U.S. auto market well into the 1970s. This week Ford plants in St. Thomas, Ont., and Kansas City, Mo., begin turning out Iacocca's "hell of a good buy." It is the much-trumpeted Maverick, first of Detroit's new line of small cars. List price of the Maverick: \$1,995.

The two-door, four-passenger car is designed to beat back the invasion of im-

ports, which has been Ford's most successful product since the Model T. The small-car field will soon be crowded. American Motors' new entry, the Hornet, will come out this fall and eventually replace A.M.C.'s leisurely-selling \$1,998 Rambler. General Motors is developing a model code-named the XP-887 and expects to have it in Chevrolet showrooms within 18 months. It will probably be smaller than the Maverick, and Ford is already designing a "subcompact," the Phoenix, to counter the XP-887. Only Chrysler has yet to decide whether to enter the field.

Ford, which has been studying the minicar market for just about a decade, took a long time to decide. In 1962, the company was ready to roll with a small car called the Cardinal, but withdrew it within a few months of pro-

tempting to attract young buyers by offering the Maverick in colors that were created at a group brainstorming session, presumably held in a cornfield. The colors include Freudian Gilt, Original Cinnamon, Thanks Vermilion and Hulla-Blue. The standard gag among the executives is that the company will entertain any name except "Statutory Grape."

The Eclectic Car. In all the planning, the primary goal was to build a car that would list for less than \$2,000. To do that—and still allow dealers a reasonable 17% profit (v. the usual 21% to 25% markup)—Ford had to pare the tooling costs. So it built an eclectic car. Maverick owes its front suspension to the Mustang; the steering gear comes straight from the Fairlane; the standard 105-h.p. six-cylinder engine and the rear axle were borrowed from the Falcon. Even so, Maverick's development costs added up to a hefty



LEE IACOCCA



AND HIS NEW CAR

It ought to be a very nice fight.

ports. The Maverick is much lower and wider than the Volkswagen, which Ford executives call "the target car." It is also a bit thirstier—Ford claims about 22 miles per gallon v. the VW's 25 m.p.g.—and nearly two feet longer, measuring 179 in. from its broad nose to its short tail. But the Maverick is also several inches shorter than such "compacts" as Ford's Falcon, which has grown to 184 in. in length and \$2,283 in price. Partly because more and more Americans want smaller and less costly cars, imports have swelled from \$2,000 in 1955 to 986,000 last year, when they accounted for more than 10% of the 9.4 million sold in the U.S. As Iacocca told Time's Detroit Bureau Chief Don Sider: "We don't assume that the Maverick is just out to arrest the trend. We expect to get some customers back. We expect this to be a free-for-all."

Freudian Gilt. The company has toiled up to produce as many as 400,000 Mavericks a year, and Iacocca has suggested that he would be happy if sales in the first twelve months reached about 300,000. That would make the Maverick a \$600 million-a-year proposition. The car will go on sale April 17, five years to the day after Iacocca introduced the

duction because of fears that the market would not then support a new line. By 1966, however, it was clear that U.S. compacts were losing considerable ground to imports. The Falcon, which reached a peak of 493,000 sales in 1961, was down to 163,000 that year—and to even less in 1967. At a meeting of Ford's new-products group in the "Glass House," the company's Dearborn headquarters, Iacocca decided that it was time to move. Chairman Henry Ford agreed.

The company spent 14 months testing the market, and its researchers interviewed scores of Volkswagen owners. For a time, the planners considered importing great numbers of Ford-made cars from Britain or Germany instead of building them in North America. Executives discarded that idea in part because they figured that it might provoke Washington to erect import quotas or raise tariffs.

Finally, in May 1967, Henry Ford and Lee Iacocca determined to build a new car, code-named Delta. It was to be inexpensive enough to appeal to three-car families and retired people, yet sufficiently stylish to attract young people on their first or second cars. Ford is at-

\$71 million. By contrast, the initial bill for the Mustang, which was engineered for cheaper, single-plant production back in less inflationary times, came to only \$50 million.

Plenty of hard compromises had to be made on the Maverick. Anything that added to style, size or performance raised the list price. In the fervid debates among Ford's engineers, stylists and cost accountants, Iacocca was the final arbiter. The accountants wanted plain gray upholstery; Iacocca ordered bright plaids, though the decision increased the price of each car by several dollars. He ordered the body made wide enough so that six passengers could squeeze in in a pinch. "I could have taken a slice down the middle of that car, maybe three inches, still gotten four people in and saved maybe \$15 or \$20," he says. "That's where you come to the moment of truth."

Ford offers a variety of options—including a 120-h.p. engine, automatic shift and air conditioning—that can jack up the price as high as \$2,700. But the company has urged dealers to discourage sales of the high-markup options so as not to price the car out of its market. How does the car handle?

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Wausau Story





"HARA-KIRI? NONSENSE! I'M ONLY STRIKING A BLOW FOR MY RIGHTS!"

TIME's Sider took one out on Ford's Dearborn test track, found that "It is no Lincoln, but neither is it a VW. There is no feeling of claustrophobia. It handles well, staying in tight on the curves, starting and stopping fast, turning about as sharply as the VW."

Volkswagen executives figure—or at least hope—that the new U.S. small cars will not cut deeply into sales of imports but will take markets away from existing U.S. lower-priced models. To reduce their own chances of loss, some foreign producers will send bigger and fancier models to the U.S. Later this year, for example, VW will begin shipping its four-door Audi (U.S. price: around \$4,000). Sweden's Saab will soon begin importing a new Maverick-sized car. "If Detroit can come into our market," says Stuart Perkins, head of Volkswagen of America, "we can go into theirs." It should be quite a fight.

BRITAIN

The Wildcat Has Nine Lives

Some policymakers at Ford Motor Co. must rue the day, back in 1911, that the company set up shop in Britain. Though its pay scales run well above the industry average in Britain, Ford has been a prime target of wildcat strikes that torment the country's economy and damage its deteriorating trade position. Last year Ford lost 1.2 million man-hours to "unofficial" walkouts, often led by only a handful of professional soreheads. Lately the company has hoped to buy its way out of the strike nightmare by offering its workers a simple tit-for-tat: extra money for no wildcat strikes. The result is a crippling strike against the no-strike clause.

For two weeks, all 23 Ford plants in Britain have been paralyzed. Every day, the company has lost almost \$5,000,000 in production and Britain has lost about \$2,400,000 in exports. Britain can ill afford the drain, especially since its trade

deficit widened from \$214 million in January to \$338 million in February. Ford assembly lines in West Germany and Belgium are also pinched. The lack of British-made components has turned production schedules upside down. Ford executives have hinted that they may drop their expansion plans in Britain and divert some of their operations to calmer shores.

A Matter of Honor. The row was started by a contract offer that included wage increases averaging 8 1/2%, holiday bonuses and a guaranteed annual wage in return for no wildcat strikes. Leaders from all 16 Ford unions approved, and the committee's chairman called the deal "bold and imaginative." Similar sentiments were voiced by Barbara Castle, Minister of Employment and Productivity, who has been pressing for a major labor reform, chiefly through sharp restrictions on wildcat strikes (TIME, Jan. 31).

Then the deal broke down. The 480-odd union shop stewards, fearing that their power over "the lads on the floor" might slip if they could no longer call wildcat walkouts, ordered a strike of the 46,500 workers. Then leaders of the two top unions reversed themselves and fell into step with the shop stewards. Ford appealed to the courts, but in vain. As the judge said, labor contracts in Britain are "binding only in honor," not in law.

Near Anarchy. Both the Trades Union Council and Barbara Castle's ministry have tried to mediate. The union leaders seemed to be adamant about scrapping the "penalty clauses" and asked for additional pay increases. At week's end, negotiations had produced proposals acceptable to three of the unions, the company and the government—a development that could end the strike quickly. In Parliament, Mrs. Castle said: "Some industries are getting near anarchy today." British Ford's negotiators confessed that they felt like

characters in *Alice in Wonderland*. They could hardly overstate the absurdity of bargaining with scores of union leaders who do not have to consult their membership either before or after an agreement and who are often out of touch with the people they represent. Prime Minister Harold Wilson condemned the strike leaders for imperiling Britain's efforts to build exports and employment. All that has happened at Ford, he said, only provides powerful support for his government's plan to enact laws against wildcat strikes.

FRANCE

Beyond the Standoff


More than most heads of state, Charles de Gaulle is fond of the conspiratorial theory of human events. Last week, when 2,500,000 French workers walked off their jobs after the collapse of wage talks between unions and the government, he went on TV and condemned the strikers as "agitators" and "plotters" whose tactics "threaten to sink the currency, the economy and the republic." De Gaulle told France: "Need I declare that they will all be defended?" He had good reason to fear anything resembling the massive strikes that caused chaos in France last spring.

The work stoppage lasted only 24 hours, but it demonstrated that union chiefs had support for their demands from the rank and file and that they probably could call the workers out again at any time—with even greater effect. This time, the mail piled up, garbage went uncollected and transportation by bus, train or plane came

JEAN MARCOT



DEMONSTRATORS IN PARIS
Flicker of candles in the City of Light.



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In 1968 Columbia Gas System invested \$175,000,000 in the construction of new produc-

tion, transmission, storage and distribution facilities to expand and improve service to its 1,670,000 customers. ☐ More than \$1 billion has been expended by Columbia during the past decade to meet the growing service needs of the company's seven-state marketing territory. ☐ As a result of these investments, Columbia is effectively meeting competition and providing a base for continuing growth in earnings. ☐ For more information on how Columbia is growing, write for your copy of Columbia Gas System Annual Report—1968, to Public Relations Department, The Columbia Gas System, Inc., 120 East 41 Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.

COLUMBIA
GAS SYSTEM 



The Rallye Mini-Brute.

**Go one better
on the rest
of the herd
with Opel's
Rallye Kadett.**

The Mini-Brutes are here and ready to deliver the excitement with no strain on mini-budgets. This Mini-Brute is the 1969 Rallye Kadett. Its standard equipment includes rallye stripes. Running lights. Front bucket seats. Simulated wood steering wheel. Black textured-vinyl interior.

The list goes on. Power-assisted front disc brakes. Instrumentation that includes a tachometer, electric clock, 0.1 mile odometer, ampere and oil pressure gauges. A 67-horsepower overhead valve engine. Four-speed, short-throw, console-mounted manual transmission, synchronized in all forward gears. Radial ply tires. A long list of GM safety equipment. And more.

Everything is waiting. The five new Mini-Brute models are waiting at more than 1800 Buick-Opel showrooms across the country. The Mini-Brute has more dealers than any other import car. Rallye Kadett. Super Deluxe Sport Coupe. Two-door Sport Sedan. Deluxe 2-door Wagon. Two-door Sedan.

GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

practically to a standstill. Power blackouts forced Parisians to dine in cafés by the flicker of candles or the glow of gas lamps. About 150,000 workers marched along rain-splattered streets to the Place de la Bastille. Students crashed the demonstration and when they surged through the workers' lines, they ran into riot police. More than 230 were arrested.

French workers are eager for wage increases to cover cost-of-living increases. Prices have been rising by an annual rate of about 6%, faster than in any other Common Market country. Consumer costs have been swollen further by huge tax increases designed to dampen demand. Inflation has debased the currency to the point where, for the first time in years, black marketeers are selling francs for stronger money at discounts of 5% or more. The economy's weakness has so greatly affected the country's political power the French are no longer campaigning in world banking councils for an increase in the price of gold. Because the strike was brief, the French franc rose slightly and gold prices receded from their record highs on European bullion markets.

Question of Confidence. De Gaulle had to settle for a standoff. Now he must somehow achieve a labor settlement that will be noninflationary, yet generous enough to head off upheavals by workers. The government, aware that any wage boosts of more than 6% a year would greatly aggravate inflation and almost certainly force the franc's devaluation, has offered workers in nationalized industries only 4%. The unions are holding out for 10% or more. De Gaulle's immediate problem is that he will either have to accept devaluation or pursue the kind of restrictive policies that could bring on a recession.

For the longer term, the only way that the French can have the incomes that they would like and avoid devaluation is to improve the efficiency of their economy, which is fragmented into countless small businesses. Even more urgent, as the conservative newspaper *L'Aurore* noted last week, is the task of "restoring the confidence" of the French people in their government. Said *L'Aurore*: "Rarely have Frenchmen in all social categories demonstrated such dissatisfaction with the way in which the government is managing the nation's affairs." Until confidence is restored, the franc—and France—will continue to be unstable.

MARKETING

The Great White Hope

Despite the proliferation of coin-operated laundries, nine out of ten U.S. housewives still do their wash at home. To brighten, if not lighten, their washday loads, they buy more than \$1 billion a year worth of bleaches and bluing agents, starches and softeners, disinfectants and detergents. Now the home

laundry market is churning with a new line of stain removers called enzyme presoaks. Competition in presoaks has locked two giant soapmakers—Procter & Gamble and Colgate-Palmolive—in a classic marketing battle. It has elevated their rival products, P. & G.'s Biz and Colgate's Axion, to the status of household words.

The latest washday products are designed to supplement, not take the place of, ordinary detergents. Their enzymes are bacteria-produced catalysts that break down organic matter in much the same way that the stomach digests food. In laundering, enzymes decompose protein-based stains—chocolate, grass, blood—so that they can be washed away more easily later on.

To promote P. & G.'s Biz, the Chicago advertising agency of Tatham-



COLGATE'S GODFREY

Laird & Kudner has flooded TV with spot commercials showing Actor Eddie Albert using the product to remove stubborn berry stains. For Axion, Manhattan's William Esty agency has turned out TV spots starring Arthur Godfrey. He holds up a bloodied table napkin or a child's dress stained by chocolate ice cream and demonstrates how Axion helps clean them. Godfrey was hired, says Ward Hagan, a Colgate vice president, "because he's so sincere and believable."

Giveaway Game. Since antiquity, when the beautiful Princess Nausicaa in Homer's *Odyssey* laundered her linen by placing it in a stream and then dancing on it, women have sought improved ways of washing clothes. Honey, bran, sheep dung and even putrid urine have all been used as cleansing agents over the years. Enzymes were introduced as home-laundry presoaks during the early 1960s in Europe, where they have long been used for removing stains in hospitals and slaughterhouses. Unilever, the huge Dutch-British soapmaker, markets enzyme laundry products in 20 countries.

Until now, enzymes have been little

used in the U.S. except by commercial dry cleaners. Soapmakers feared that American housewives would not have the patience to soak clothes for at least half an hour—and sometimes much longer—before washing them. Apparently the manufacturers were mistaken. The U.S. presoak battle began when P. & G. tested Biz in Syracuse in 1967 and found a surprisingly strong market. Biz and Colgate-Palmolive's Axion then competed in Omaha, the soap industry's other key test market. (Omaha, explains a Colgate official, "tells us what the rest of the world will be like.") Next, Colgate mailed free sample boxes of Axion to 50 million of the nation's 60 million households. Soon P. & G. also got into the giveaway game.

Tide's Out. Axion has jumped into a commanding lead largely by moving into more major cities before Biz. The total market now is \$60 million a year and growing so fast that other companies are rushing to grab a share.



PROCTER & GAMBLE'S ALBERT
Traveling on the stomach.

Lever Brothers, the U.S. arm of Unilever, is test-marketing its enzyme presoak, called Amaze. In addition, detergents containing enzyme additives have been introduced by the three biggest soap companies—Gain and Tide XK by Procter & Gamble, Punch by Colgate and Drive by Lever Brothers. Regular Tide, which has been the No. 1 detergent since its introduction in 1947, has been replaced entirely by Tide XK. Eventually, the enzyme-spiked detergents may push almost all regular detergents off the supermarket shelves, even though the enzymes take so much time to soak out stains that they offer relatively modest improvement when added to quick-wash products.

The two major private testing services disagree on the effectiveness of presoaks. *Consumer Reports* concluded that Biz and Axion did little better than regular detergents in removing many stains, but *Consumer Bulletin* found that the new products "can surely help turn out a brighter, whiter wash." To sift the various claims, the housewife would need the advice of a chemist. In any case, the onslaught of enzymes, by adding still another step—and another product—to the laundry process, makes her washday chores both longer and costlier.

SPORT

Playing the Money Game

THE Hula Bowl, a post-season game between two teams of graduating college all stars, drew a near-capacity crowd last January despite miserable weather. "The reason," says Charles Barnes, president of Sports Headliners, Inc., "was that the stands were packed with agents."

Barnes should know. He is one of the hustling businessmen who have created a whole new industry out of representing professional athletes. Like the other agents, Barnes flew to Honolulu for the Hula Bowl to bargain for some

of requests for movies, books, testimonials and guest appearances, Barnes figures that O.J. will soon be earning three times as much as he will playing football. This summer, for instance, TV viewers will see Simpson break into the clear in a new Chevy, the first of a series of commercials for which Chevrolet is paying him a reported \$250,000.

Had Simpson happened along a decade or two earlier, he would have been lucky if he had bus fare to the stadium. Mel Hein recalls the days when, as an all-pro center for the New York Giants, he was knocking down all of \$150 for a game. "1938 was my big year. I got \$150 for endorsing Mayflower Doughnuts. When I won the Most Valuable Player award, some pipe company sent me a set of pipes. Free!"

Everybody Colling. By contrast, Lew Alcindor, the 7-ft. 11-in. U.C.L.A. All America center, has already been offered a 40,000-acre ranch stocked with 3,500 head of cattle, if he will please, please play in the fledgling American Basketball Association: that's in addition to the \$1,000,000 he is expected to receive when he joins the pros. During his career, Ben Hogan earned less than \$300,000 on the links. This year Arnold Palmer Enterprises will meet a payroll of more than \$1,000,000, covering his interests in such businesses as dry cleaning, insurance, sportswear, motels, men's cosmetics, real estate and power tools.

Not that International Management, Inc., the agency that handles Palmer as well as Jack Nicklaus, is greedy. Recently Mark McCormack, the 39-year-old attorney who built International into the nation's largest player management company, turned down a suggestion for a chain of Arnold Palmer art galleries. "It didn't seem to make sense for Palmer to represent himself as an expert on art." What did make sense was arranging singing lessons for Gary Player, presumably in preparation for the day when Ed Sullivan calls. Everybody is calling for Jean-Claude Killy. Since signing the Olympic ski champion ten months ago, International has won him a whopping \$2,000,000 in endorsements.

When it comes to negotiating contracts, many team owners feel that an agent's work adds up to a minus. "We spend \$200,000 a year in evaluating talents," says the Houston Oilers' Don Klosterman, "and some uninformed agent is going to tell us what a player's worth? They're just parasites, in it for a fast buck."

The Boston Patriots and the San Francisco 49ers refuse to even talk to the "muscle hustlers." "That is handling players as if they were chattels," complains Marty Blackman, a 30-year-old lawyer whose Pro Sports Inc. handles 100 athletes. Actor Jim Brown, who feels he was exploited when he was an

all-pro fullback for the Cleveland Browns, agrees. Two years ago, he organized the United Athletic Association to represent black athletes. Among his first clients was Leroy Kelly, who succeeded Brown at Cleveland as the league's leading ground gainer. At the time, Kelly was making \$21,000 a year; last year Brown's firm negotiated a new contract that will pay the running back \$320,000 over four years.

Often the toughest negotiating for an agent is in trying to land a star client. Some enlist the help of teammates with the promise that the agency will make a sizable contribution to the player's alma mater. Other agents play the wine-and-dine game. Halfback Chris Gilbert of the University of Texas felt he was being red-dogged by agents all season



JONES & DANCING TEACHER
Hustling the muscle . . .

of those "six-figure packages" performing on the field. He ended up with the grand prize: Heisman Trophy Winner O.J. Simpson. "Chuck," said O.J. to his new agent after the game, "I thought you were going to put on a uniform and go out there and play flanker so you could talk to me in the huddle."

Barnes, who had been stalking Simpson ever since he saw him play in junior college, would have tackled him in the end zone, if necessary. The stakes are worth it; today a superstar like Simpson is not merely an athlete but a corporation. Last month, Barnes opened negotiations with the Buffalo Bills, the team that drafted Simpson, by demanding a three-year \$600,000 contract, plus "a very substantial fringe benefit"—most probably a cut of the team's profits. Barnes, cried Bills Owner Ralph Wilson, "wants more money for Simpson than Buffalo netted in its last three years of operation."

And that's just the half of it—more precisely, the quarter of it. By cashing in on a select few of the hundreds



NICKLAUS & MCCORMACK
. . . and spinning the buck.

long. "If you even sounded interested," he says, "they'd get you anything you wanted. Pro Sports threw a party in New York for the All America team, and there must have been 40 airline stewardesses there—two for each guy."

"All we really want to do," says Agent Arnold Pinkney, "is take these athletes and teach them how to spin their first big buck." When spun by Jim Hand Enterprises, the variations are seemingly endless. Hand's boys, traveling in his fleet of new Jaguars and Cadillacs, are constantly on the move. Deacon Jones is taking dancing lessons in preparation for his Las Vegas nightclub act. There are the Lance Alworth dry-cleaning shops. The Donny Anderson boys' camp. The Rick Barry syndicated sports column. And, named according to regional fan interest, the Lance Alworth, Donny Anderson and Rick Barry restaurants and motels.

"Our only problem," says Hand, 31, who takes a 50% cut of the profits, "is that our athletes simply do not have the time to do all the things we can drum up for them." They're too busy being athletes, of all things.



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CINEMA

NEW MOVIES

The Persistence of Memory

Each film by François Truffaut is a paradigm of innocence. The *400 Blows* and *Jules and Jim* were about the destruction of innocence. *Shoot the Piano Player* and *The Soft Skin* described its dangers, and *Fahrenheit 451* was its vindication. Even last year's *The Bride Wore Black* (TIME, July 5), a hard-edged homage to Hitchcock, contained much of the director's characteristic compassion for its driven, doomed characters. *Stolen Kisses* is Truffaut's newest and gentlest film, a lovely memory of adolescence that begins with the delight of youth and ends with the promise of a melancholy maturity.

It is also a chapter in Truffaut's continuing cinematic autobiography. Antoine Doinel, once again played by Jean-Pierre L  aud, is Truffaut's self-styled persona, who got banished to reform school in *The 400 Blows* and was spurned by his girl friend in *Love at Twenty*. Now, in *Kisses*, he is seen leaving the army after struggling to get a psychological discharge. "You can always sell ties," shrugs his commanding officer, adding hopefully, "I hope we never meet again." His girl friend's father fixes him up with a cushy job as a hotel night clerk, but Antoine gets canned when a private detective (Harry Max) makes him the dupe in a divorce case. Joining the detective's agency, Antoine spends his days clumsily shadowing suspects and his nights wooing his girl Christine (Claude Jade).

The film's format is informal reminiscence. When Antoine takes an undercover job in a shoe store and be-

comes infatuated with the owner's wife (Dolphine Seyrig), the sequence and rhythm of the scenes are anecdotal. After a brief assignment—which gets him fired from the detective agency—Antoine takes another job as a TV repairman. When her parents go on a holiday, Christine pulls a tube from the family TV and calls Antoine to fix it. They spend the night together and write love notes next morning at the breakfast table. Out for a morning walk, they meet a trench-coated stranger, a specter of the maturity that will eventually destroy their romance and their innocence. They barely treat it seriously.

No director working today takes such evident joy as Truffaut in the process of film making, and he makes the feeling infectious. Although he freezes the image in the middle of an action or plays with enlarging the size of the frame, Truffaut makes technique serve the story and never overwhelm it. He enjoys staging little jokes: the tea-drinking scene with the owner's wife is an unabashed tribute to Hitchcock, but they remain always in context. Many of the characters in *Stolen Kisses* and much of the action may be embellished, but it is all based and modeled on Truffaut's life. His is, therefore, personal cinema of the best kind, memory shaped by humor and artistry into warm and joyous experience.

If Does Not Equal Zero

Lindsay Anderson is a director who knows a good movie when he sees one, and apparently he has seen Jean Vigo's 1933 masterpiece, *Zero for Conduct*. Anderson's *If . . .* contains ideas, characters and even a climactic scene reminiscent of *Zero*. The difference lies in accomplishment. James Agee rightly called *Zero* "one of the few great movie poems." Anderson's *If . . .* is occasionally powerful and moving, but even at its best it is never more than forceful and faintly mannered prose.

Like *Zero*, *If . . .* has a loose patchwork of schoolboy fantasies for its plot. The film opens at the beginning of another term at an English boarding school. All is noise and confusion as the old boys greet each other and the new ones, called "scum," struggle to find their room assignments. Gradually, the focus narrows to a group of three upper-classmen (Malcolm McDowell, David Wood, Richard Warwick) who are restless, cynical and chafing under the discipline of the house whips. They spend a lot of their time sneaking swigs of vodka and planning romantic acts of rebellion. After a particularly strenuous caning by the head whip, the three take a blood oath: "Death to the oppressor!" They turn a school military exercise into a rout by threatening to bayonet an officer, and later sabotage the school's Speech Day ceremonies by detonating a smoke bomb and gunning down faculty, parents and students as



ARMED REBELLION IN "IF . . ."
Speculation, and a promise.

they stream out of the auditorium. The film ends with its own Kiplingesque title, at once a speculation, an incitement and even a promise.

A onetime documentary film maker who has a realist's unflinching sense of place, Anderson makes *College House* so horrifyingly tangible that it becomes the main character in the film. His sense of fantasy, however, is not as acute. Anderson films every scene, imagined or real, as if it were actually happening—a technique that suspends disbelief without enriching the narrative.

If . . . badly needs and sadly lacks the sort of heretical lyricism that Vigo brought to *Zero*. Vigo said more about the nature of freedom and repression, about schoolboys and their world of desperate fantasy in a single scene than Anderson does in an entire film. If, as the Rolling Stones sing, "the time is right for palace revolution," then *If . . .* may be a timely film. Still, *Zero for Conduct* will remain the timeless one.

Bad Trip

Have you heard the one about the hippies, the mobsters, the convicts, the politician, the warden, the moll, LSD, the balloon and the gangster chief called "God"? Well, that's it. End of joke. It's called *Skidoo*, and the only conceivable reasons to see it are 1) to hear each and every credit, from cameraman to copyright date, sung on the sound track; 2) to see actors like Jackie Gleason, Carol Channing, Burgess Meredith, Peter Lawford and even Groucho Marx make fools of themselves; and 3) just to believe that it exists. Ostensibly a comedy, *Skidoo* was produced and directed by Otto Preminger, who has also unleashed on an unwary public such tidbits as *Hurry Sundown* and *In Harm's Way*. He is funnier when he is serious.



L  AUD IN "KISSES"
Joy, with melancholy.

BOOKS

The Survivor

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD by Thomas Wiseman. 442 pages. Viking, \$6.95.

Any novel concerning a Nazi and a Jew would seem to offer about as much chance for originality these days as a cowboy-and-Indian movie. Nonetheless, the Austrian-born English author of *Czar and Journey of a Man* has managed to produce an extraordinary book about that very relationship. Thomas Wiseman's study of two Austrians—Stefan Kazakh, a half-Jew, and Konrad Wirthof, a wholehearted Nazi—is a brilliant tour de force of rare psychological depth and complexity.

The novel begins in 1967 with Kazakh, a rich London-based survivor of World War II and of three wives, obeying a powerful compulsion to return to Vienna. There, memories of his youth and early manhood torment him, providing the narrative structure for the book. A more predictable story might have emphasized the Nazis' victimization of the Jews. Instead, Wiseman focuses on Kazakh's metaphysical obsession with Wirthof, an SS officer with grand passions and grandiose ideas. Though the two are totally disparate in personality and background, Kazakh feels that his own identity has somehow been submerged in Wirthof's (to an extent reversing the situation in Romain Gary's 1968 comic novel, *The Dance of Genghis Cohn*). Says Kazakh: "Wirthof still glitters in me, on my energy, in my time; that mica glitter of his: that is the source of my exhaustion; if only he would glitter less I would not have to despise him so much, and how much time and energy I spend on despising him, but there seems to have been a bargain struck between us, and I don't know how to get out of it, surely it cannot hold forever."

Outrageous Demands. The two first meet in a magician's tent in 1925 as ten-year-old boys. Wirthof, a rich, aristocratic Aryan and the son of a crippled World War I general, is already arrogant and glib despite his pale blond fragility. Kazakh, son of an Aryan mother and a Jewish father who is killed as a heroic leader of the Social Democrat uprising in 1934, is a shy, sensitive boy, but stronger and taller than Wirthof. Kazakh easily wins the foot race that follows their initial encounter; yet he is able to realize even then that Wirthof dominates him psychologically if not physically.

That domination determines both their fates. When they meet again accidentally after the *Anschluss*, Wirthof has joined the SS and become an unthinking mouthpiece for Nazi ideology. Kazakh, a purposeless intellectual uncertain about his future or his feelings, has turned from engineering to become a hypnotist and a pioneer in advertising with *nouveau riche* connections. Curiously, it is Kazakh who comes closest to being a callous cynic. Wirthof, despite his crass behavior in bordellos, his egotistic mistreatment of acquaintances and his sensual brutality, is actually the overemotional romantic.

Despising each other, both men sub-



WISEMAN IN LONDON
Compulsion beyond comprehension.

consciously need and complement each other. Wirthof, while continually humiliating the half-Jew, needs Kazakh to listen to his incredible ideas (including a theory that the earth might well have jam for its core). He uses Kazakh as a hypnotist to cure his frequent headaches, as an entree to the rich society of Vienna's Jews, and as a conspirator in the seduction of the Baroness Leonie Koepler—the wife of a rich Jewish industrialist and a close friend of Kazakh's. Though Kazakh finds Wirthof's demands ludicrous or despicable, he is always compelled to comply, hating himself for doing so and continually wondering at his reasons:

"He was so pale and demanding, his needs, however outrageous, were so compelling, and his assumption that they would be met so unshakable, that, indeed, it seemed to me he could not be refused. Whatever he demanded was the absolute minimum life could afford him;

to be satisfied with less was inconceivable; he would rather die."

Empty Vehicle. Perhaps it is Wirthof's willingness to give up his life, while Kazakh believes only in his own survival, that so compels Kazakh to yield in every instance, even though the result is the betrayal of everything he wants or would normally honor. Why, for example, does Kazakh help Wirthof to seduce the baroness, when he desires her himself and when the seduction is a betrayal of his friend the baron? That unanswered question hounds Kazakh to the very end, particularly because the love affair determines much of Kazakh's and Wirthof's future.

Wirthof's career as the favored adjutant to a powerful SS officer named Lüdenschield is ruined because of the romance. While negotiating for the Baron Koepler's life after his arrest by Lüdenschield, Kazakh becomes trapped in an agreement to cure Lüdenschield of chronic constipation through hypnosis. As a result of this deal—two Jews freed for every bowel movement Kazakh induces—Kazakh becomes obsessed with killing Lüdenschield.

Despite this obsession, Kazakh is paralyzed, Hamlet-like, by his own rationalizations and instinct for survival. It is Wirthof who, with all of his illusions destroyed, is again the man of action. He assassinates Lüdenschield, thereby pre-empting Kazakh's opportunity to determine his own destiny by means of one violent but necessary act. Wirthof is summarily executed for the murder. Kazakh survives—or has he become merely an empty vehicle for the glittering spiritual survival of Wirthof? After all, Kazakh is much like John Marcher in Henry James' *The Beast in the Jungle*, who so feared the monstrous fate predicted for him that he lived a ludicrously overprotected life. Only on his deathbed did he discover that the monstrous fate that he perpetually tried to escape was to have nothing happen in his vacant life.

Confused Fragmentation. Kazakh nurses of himself: "Your life has been a quest for life, and what did you ever find that was not another form of dying?" In the end, he can no longer remember, in his confused fragmentation, what of his life belonged to him and what belonged to Wirthof. "Was that Wirthof's dream, or mine?" he asks. "Where are you to find yourself, Kazakh? Since you were so infrequently yourself, since you have deposited yourself all over the place."

It is a sentiment worthy of Hamlet. In *The Quick and the Dead*, Thomas Wiseman has constructed a superb picture of Vienna before and during World War II, of the Baroness Leonie Koepler and her society and of the Nazi ideology as it infects Wirthof and Lüdenschield. He has also created a brilliant psychological study of how two very different men can become so unwittingly entwined that each fatally determines the course of the other's life.

HENRY GROSSMAN



FRAME IN MANHATTAN
Hard look at the dark side.

Rejected Resurrection

YELLOW FLOWERS IN THE ANTIPODEAN ROOM by Janet Frame. 248 pages. Braziller. \$5.95.

Writing from the focus of the spirally down and out, the demented and the dead, New Zealander Janet Frame has developed a tidy literary reputation as a wild necromancer. *Yellow Flowers in the Antipodean Room*, her seventh novel, offers a typically hard look at life from the dark side.

Godfrey Rainbird, a 30-year-old British-born emigrant to New Zealand, is pronounced dead after a traffic accident. His wife prepares to don widow's weeds, his children begin to adjust as orphans, his sister flies from England for the funeral. A monogrammed casket is purchased, a cemetery plot arranged for. But there is no funeral. Thirty-six hours after his "death," Godfrey rises from a deep coma, a little shaky but quite ready to resume his life.

Life, however, rejects his resurrection. He is fired from his job as a travel clerk ("Who wants their annual holiday booked by a former corpse?"), branded an anathema by society ("As long as Godfrey were to live and work among people, each one would be faced constantly with the fact of his own death"), and even resented by his family for the inconvenience of his miracle ("We're Before and After people now," laments his wife). His life after death, not surprisingly, becomes a downhill slide: the authorities strip him of his children, his neighbors stone him and his wife commits suicide. Finally, he completes his *mortem interruptum*.

This could be the stuff of social fable, religious parable, supernatural fantasy or even black comedy. Sadly, it too often emerges as little more than a tepid and distended mood piece. The

hero is literally too cold and stiff, the plot too standpattish, the pace too funereal and the symbolism too obvious.

Occasionally, Miss Frame breathes life into her tale of death with her poet's gift of language. Indeed, the best part of the novel is an interlude of exuberant Joycean punning when Godfrey's death-scrambled brain cannot help turning words inside out. For example, he reads "The Drol's Pryer":

"Our afther which rat in heaven; holowed be thy mane; thy dingum come; thy will be done on thear as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily dread and frogvie us pour press-stares as we frogvieu those who press-stare against us."

Had Miss Frame scrambled her characters and their actions with comparable imaginativeness, this would be a much better novel—or, as Godfrey might have put it, a chum berett loven.

The American Holmes

NERO WOLFE OF WEST THIRTY-FIFTH STREET by William S. Baring-Gould. 203 pages. Viking. \$5.50.

KINGS FULL OF ACES: A NERO WOLFE OMNIBUS by Rex Stout. 472 pages. Viking. \$4.50.

If there is anybody in detective fiction remotely comparable to England's Sherlock Holmes, it is Rex Stout's corpulent genius, Nero Wolfe. Like Holmes, Wolfe is coolly intellectual, fanatically thorough and precise, brilliantly epigrammatic; he is also a crotchety bachelor, gastronome, flower fancier and born actor. There is even a family resemblance between the two, considering Wolfe's physical likeness to Holmes' brother Mycroft.

Wolfe's hints about his origin place his birth in the early 1890s, and allude obscurely to the old Balkan kingdom of Montenegro. Holmes, after his final encounter with Professor Moriarty in Switzerland in 1891, is believed to have traveled through Italy. Is it possible that he ended up in Montenegro and solaced himself by having an affair—perhaps with his old flame, Opera Singer Irene Adler, who happened to be touring the Balkans? Egad! Do you suppose . . . ?

Circle for Fury. This farfetched theory of Wolfe's paternity is one of several learned but lighthearted speculations passed on by the late William S. Baring-Gould, who was creative director of Time's circulation and corporate education departments as well as a detective-novel buff. In his earlier *Sherlock Holmes of Baker Street*, Baring-Gould successfully employed the whimsical technique of treating a fictional character as a real person. The technique works as well in *Nero Wolfe*, largely because the character is such a rich one.

Baring-Gould lovingly dwells on Wolfe's eccentricities: abhorrence of physical activity (especially any prospect of having to leave his Manhattan brownstone on a case), relish for properly chilled beer (12 bottles a day), reliance

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on significant small gestures (a tiny circle traced on a desk top with one finger indicates speechless fury). Wolfe's associates are brightly sketched, notably his slangy, hard-boiled legman Archie Goodwin, whose active role in and narration of Wolfe's Holmesian episodes ties them also to the U.S. tough-guy school of Hammett and Chandler. Even such quirks as Wolfe's penchant for recondite words like "gibbosity" and "usu-fructs" and for scrupulous vocabularies of all kinds are minutely documented.

Money Witness. Baring-Gould's literary detective work is clearly intended for confirmed Nero Wolfe fans. Since Wolfe books have sold an average of 20,000 copies each in hard-cover and there are 12 million of them in print in paperback, that makes for quite a sizable group. Still, not everybody can be interested in such minutiae as the diameter of the globe in Wolfe's office (32 $\frac{1}{2}$ ") and the derivation of his special breed of albino orchids (from *Paphiopedilum lawrenceanum hyeanum*).

Novice Wolfeans are better advised to start with *Kings Full of Aces*, published simultaneously with Baring-Gould's "biography." It brings together three of the better Wolfe books from among the 43 that have been published since 1933. In *Too Many Cooks* (1938), Wolfe is guest of honor at a meeting of top international chefs, one of whom, naturally, gets murdered. Wolfe manages to trap the culprit while discoursing on U.S. haute cuisine and recounting such favorite recipes as *sauce printemps* and *shad roe mousse Pocahontas*. *Plot It Yourself* (1959) offers a revealing satire of the publishing industry as Wolfe uses literary detection to expose a plagiarist-killer. *Triple Jeopardy* (1952) is

a collection of three taut novellas, of which the most intriguing is *The Squirrel and the Monkey*, in which Wolfe's only witness to a murder is a monkey.

All the stories abound in the qualities that have made Wolfe's creator, now an active 82, one of the few detective writers with a wide appeal to the serious fiction reader. Stout serves up lean, lucid prose, masterly narrative construction, intricate yet gimmick-free plotting. To this may be added the flavor of what Ian Fleming called "one of the most civilized minds that has ever been applied to the art of the thriller."

At the Edge of Life

WHIPPLE'S CASTLE by Thomas Williams. 536 pages. Random House. \$6.95.

No single sighting gives a clear view of this awkwardly assembled bulk of a book. It is fairly evenly divided between passages that are totally inert and others so good that the eyes sting and the mind refuses to be eased.

The author put huge difficulties in the way of his intention, which is simply to tell about the family of Harvey Whipple, a New Hampshire businessman, from the beginning of World War II through the first postwar years. He hit upon the unfortunate scheme of writing what seem to be fragments of separate novels about each member of the family and then cobbling the pieces together. There are simply too many pieces; the family includes, besides Whipple and his wife, three teen-age sons and a daughter, a young girl boarder and a cat. The human characters are led through the loss of virginity or an equivalent test of patience; the cat is honored with a long, agonizing and very well-written death scene.

The well-wrought fragments never quite manage to give the book a consistent motion. What is good, however, is very good indeed. Horace Whipple, Harvey's youngest son, is a gentle, strong, intelligent 14-year-old, but he seems condemned, by some inexplicable self-hatred, to a condition of permanent, sickening clumsiness. He knocks things over, breaks them, hurts himself. "In the kitchen he was carefully watched, and at the Whipples' round dining table, the chairs were always arranged so that Horace's arc of space was several degrees wider than the others." With a few simple and subtle strokes, the author shows that Horace is not funny, as he seemed at first, or merely lovable, as he seemed next, but a boy who has stumbled to the very edge of sanity—and of life.

As things turn out, Horace dwindles into one of the author's plot devices. He kills a man and is hunted by a posse in a series of scenes that are not good Williams but bad Faulkner. This is disappointing, but perhaps not important. The counterfeiter Faulkner fades, and Horace stays stinging in the mind, along with much else from Williams' uneven but intriguing fourth novel.



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Egad! Do you suppose . . .

I thought I saw a Pussycat



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*Of young voices joined in a joyous old hymn,
Of bonnets abob to the cadence of canes,
And grandfather-watches on great gold chains.*

*Of sugar-shell eggs that held small, secret sights,
And baskets brim-filled with a million delights,
Of the elegant ham in its clove-starred glaze,
For the family feast of our Easter Days.*

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